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SEPTEMBER 22, 1900

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AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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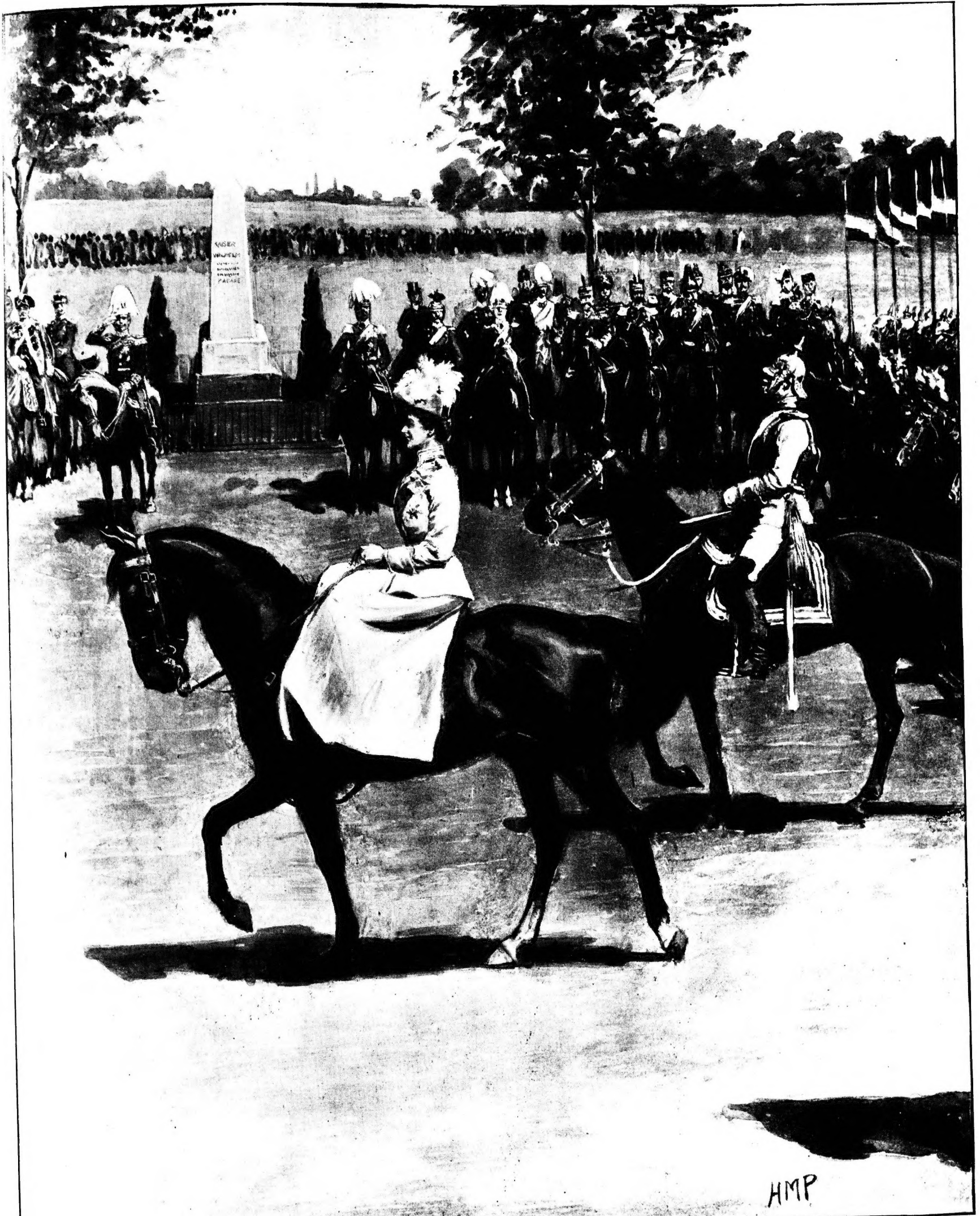
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

The German Empress is Chief of the 2nd Pomeranian Cuirassier Regiment, and as such led her regiment when they marched past before the Kaiser at Stettin. The review took place on the ground

where the Emperor William I. held his last review, the spot where he stood being marked by the monument behind the Kaiser

AN IMPERIAL REVIEW AT STETTIN: THE EMPRESS LEADING HER REGIMENT PAST THE KAISER

Topics of the Week

The Dissolution NEXT Wednesday the Parliament of 1895 will cease to be in being, and for about three weeks afterwards the constituencies will be engaged in creating its successor. It cannot be said that this official announcement has descended as "a bolt from the blue." For some little time past the political world has assumed the inevitableness of an early General Election, and that conviction was largely strengthened when Lord Roberts proclaimed the practical conclusion of the South African Campaign. It was long ago foreseen that when this occurred the way would be smoothed for Lord Salisbury to invite the national judgment on the war and its results. That is the duty he now fulfils, and it only rests with the country, the jury trying the issue, to deliver its verdict at the polls. The one danger to the Unionists apparently lies in over-confidence and the indifference it always engenders. On previous occasions, notably in 1874 and 1880, the Ins have been roughly metamorphosed into the Outs largely through that cause. Unionists, both individually and collectively, would do well to remember that the constituencies have never been consulted, in the aggregate, on the administration of the Empire and its affairs by Lord Salisbury and his colleagues. By-elections count for little or nothing as tests of national sentiment; they are often swayed by local interests and personal prepossessions. But an appeal to the whole electorate on any question of overwhelming magnitude, such as the South African War and the annexation of the Republics, obliterates local feeling to a very large extent, and though the result is generally looked upon as a certain Ministerial triumph, it is in the highest degree unwise to be over-confident. As the time is short, Unionist managers have not a moment to lose in giving the finishing touches to their organisation of victory.

The Campaign of the Liberal Party SELDOM, indeed, in recent years has a General Election excited so little popular interest as the forthcoming contest. And the reason is fairly apparent. The Liberals themselves are agreed that they have not a ghost of a chance of coming into power, and few of them even venture to hope that they will diminish the enormous Unionist majority. Yet in some directions they might give the Government a good many uncomfortable days as the returns are being added up. Ministers, allege the Radicals, have shown that their foresight with regard to the early conduct of the war was not all that could have been wished, and critical opponents declare that they did not discover that the war was inevitable until it was upon them. Others blame them for having failed as administrators, and for not having made adequate preparation to meet the forces which the Intelligence Department had warned them the Boers could put into the field. In the hands of a skilful Opposition such charges as these might be utilised to injure the Ministry. But there is no skilful Opposition. There are only a number of individual opponents of the Government, each saying what pleases his own individual fancy without any regard to the opinions of the rest. For example, Mr. Asquith has been promptly denounced for his speech on the war last week as a traitor by all the pro-Boers in the Liberal Party. Some Liberals, recognising the impossibility of securing agreement about the war, try to evade the issue by talking about other subjects—old age pensions and employers' liability, for example. That would be excellent tactics if the country cared for these things. But at the present moment it does not. Nor even on these questions of domestic politics have the Liberals arrived at any definite agreement among themselves. They can denounce the Unionists for not producing an old age pension scheme, but they have never even ventured to suggest a scheme of their own. The so-called Liberal Party has, in fact, neither of the elements essential to the success of a political Party: it has neither a programme nor a Leader. Nobody knows what

is the programme of the Party either in domestic or in foreign affairs; nobody knows who leads it. That is why the Unionists are bound to win even were their sins ten times more serious than those imputed to them.

The End in Sight THE flight of Mr. Kruger, swiftly followed by the British capture of Barberton and a long series of other successes, should bring home conviction to even the most irreconcilable Boers that the desperate game on which they embarked nearly a year ago is played out. Lord Roberts virtually holds their remaining forces in the palm of his hand, while the terms offered by his well-timed proclamation assure forgiveness and protection to all except rebels and those who have violated their oaths. It will be odd, therefore, if this liberal offer does not produce disintegrating effect, to some extent, on the roving bands which keep the field. But, in any case, a residuum of "broken men," renegades, rebels and foreign adventurers, will probably have to be dealt with by the summary measures which Lord Roberts plainly foreshadows. There is no reason, however, why this petty work should seriously delay the re-casting of the late Republics. That labour is, it may be granted, of a sufficiently arduous character, as must always be the case when a population long accustomed to bad government and corrupt administration has to reconcile itself to a wholly different order of things. But we have succeeded in the endeavour on many previous occasions, and there is nothing in the circumstances of South Africa to justify pessimism. Mr. Asquith, speaking as he claims on behalf of the large majority of his Party, has just declared that the annexation of the two Republics is "irrevocable," and the Boer leaders have nothing, therefore, to expect from the coming General Election whether it seats one Party or the other in power. Neither can they be so demented as to imagine that the appeal of their migratory delegates for European intervention will produce the desired effect. All the Great Powers have sufficient anxieties in connection with the Far East to restrain them from meddling with South Africa.

The Peking Garrison ALTHOUGH anything in the shape of dogmatic opinion would be altogether out of place in connection with the Powers retaining hold on the Chinese capital until a satisfactory settlement is arrived at, circumstances certainly appear to be gravitating towards a *modus vivendi* of a reasonable character. No Power has yet definitely ordered the immediate withdrawal of all its forces to Tientsin; those of Russia are being brought back in part, but amply sufficient remain for the present to share duty with the other foreign troops. But the great Northern Power stands in such an exceptional position that, even if its contingent were withdrawn, that proceeding would not afford a legitimate precedent for any of the other Powers. The conquest of Manchuria, synchronising as it does with the partial breakdown of the Siberian Railway and the spread of the anti-foreign feeling throughout Mongolia, creates urgent need for the immediate reinforcement of the Russian operating forces over an enormous area. But no exigency of that kind weighs upon any other Power except in the case of England, while even she has had to put a comparatively small number of troops in evidence at Peking. These being the governing circumstances of the situation, international diplomacy is employing its skill to devise some compromise which will preserve the Concert intact, without reference to the numerical strength of any particular contingent in garrison. There is no antagonism of opinion among the Powers as to the necessity of maintaining the Concert; all profess to regard it as of prime importance. It should not be impossible, therefore, to reconcile the attainment of this cardinal object with the maintenance of sufficient troops at Peking to make the Chinese authorities feel anxious for a speedy settlement as the only way of ridding their capital of foreign dominance.

The Queen and Her Soldiers NOT for the first or the second time has the Queen graciously and gracefully recognised how much the great Empire of which she is the august head owes to the fighting men who risk and too often spend their lives on its behalf. The other day, it was a little detachment of Yorubas from West Africa that Her Majesty honoured by a personal reception at Balmoral. That compliment was well deserved; the Yoruba levies did splendidly at the relief of Kumassi. But the coming Royal reception of representatives of the several Colonial corps now serving under Lord Roberts will take rank as an historical incident of enduring interest. The Queen proposes to personally inspect these gallant troops after the conclusion of the war, and to present each with colours "commemorative of the distinguished part which they have borne in the campaign." It is a most happy thought, and entirely in harmony with the close relations subsisting between Her Majesty and the Empire's defenders, whether soldiers or sailors, whether black or white. Never until now has the Queen had occasion to thank Colonial troops for loyal service loyally rendered in a grave emergency. Never, either, have they had similar opportunity of earning her gratitude. Not only have they rendered most

effective help in upholding the Queen's supremacy in South Africa, but they have demonstrated to the whole world that the British Empire is one and indivisible. It is right and fitting that they should be honoured by the Fountain of Honour as well as by the nation at large, of whom they should be most welcome guests.

The Snub Direct PRESIDENT LOUBET is not by any means conspicuous for the sort of self-assertion which is unbecoming to the simplicity of a Republican Chief of the State. The present First Citizen of France, unlike his predecessor, Félix Faure, never gives himself the airs of Royalty. Nonetheless, the less for that, however, President Loubet knows how to assert his dignity on occasion, and he has done so to some purpose in connection with the proposed banquet to the Mayors of France. The Nationalist Municipal Councillors at first ignored the Chief of the State altogether and sent him no invitation. This naturally annoyed many of the Republican Mayors, and a considerable number of them declined the invitation. The Nationalists saw they had gone too far, and recently they approached M. Loubet to know when he would receive a deputation with an invitation to the banquet. The President, however, determined to read these gentlemen a lesson. He was too busy, he said, to receive the deputation, and would be too busy all the week. This curt refusal even to entertain the idea of the invitation led to the abandonment of the banquet, which was, without doubt, originally intended by its organisers as a deliberate demonstration against the Government. The Lord Mayor of London had accepted an invitation to the banquet, but—we are glad to see—announced that his visit to Paris is only postponed. With French domestic politics he has nothing to do. That is the right attitude; and it is one which, we do not doubt, will tend to foster the growing good feeling which is beginning to disperse the mists of misunderstanding between France and England.

The Century-end's Cricket ALTHOUGH the past cricketing season did not present the sensational interest which accompanies the visits of Australian teams, the county matches always attracted large concourses of spectators. From the first, Yorkshire took the lead, with Lancashire always a good second, and even the most jealous Southerners must admit that the North deserved to fill the two first places. Both of the elevens were strong in every department of the game; it would have not needed to go beyond them to form an invincible all-England side. The one drawback to the season was that, almost throughout, the batting mastered the bowling. In the case of Sussex, for instance, while defeat was rendered almost impossible by the batting prowess of the great Indian player and his scarcely inferior colleague, Mr. Fry, the weakness of the bowling permitted the opposing team to score heavily with equal ease. Once more, therefore, the question arises as to what would be the best method of restoring the former equality between bat and ball. That could be done, no doubt, by leaving the wickets in the rough condition which obtained when the names of Mynn, Pilch and others were names to conjure with in the cricketing world. Mr. Grace—who, we are glad to see, has again secured a high place among the top scorers—must have often played on grounds of that sort during the earlier part of his illustrious career. But neither he nor Abel, the "fourteen century" champion, nor any other veteran would, we feel assured, desire to bring back a state of things which, in addition to leaving much to chance, was terribly productive of those bumping balls that are so detrimental to even the most expert batsmen.

The Harvest of the Sea THERE is an ancient proverb which tells us that "there is as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it." Of late years, however, there have been many disquieting statements tending to throw doubt upon the truth of that venerable saw, and suggesting that the rapacity of man has seriously diminished the supply of fish. One is glad to see that there is no suggestion of that sort in the latest Report of the Inspectors of Fisheries for last year. Of the principal kinds of fish between four and five million cwt. were taken, the value of which works out at very nearly 17. per cwt.

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there appears a most interesting article,

HOW TO PLAY ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL,

By C. W. ALCOCK,

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

By HALL CAINE,

JAN THE ICELANDER,

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These figures are exclusive of "fish not separately dis-
tributed," which add another million cwt. to the amount and
weigh as many pounds in value. The figures altogether are
higher than those of the previous year. It is note-
worthy that at the large fishing centres steam vessels
are to increase in numbers, while sailing smacks are
gradually diminishing. No sailing smacks now fish from
land at Grimsby 128 smacks were given up last year.
It is a fact which affords ground for serious reflection
that one considers the value of our fishing fleets as
less for the Navy. Line fishing, too, seems to be
in favour of trawling. The herring fishery season,
satisfactory to learn, was a particularly good one,
the average in quantity and much above the average
of the year. Mackerel also were taken in large quantities.
It is curious to find that one of the features of the year's
fishery has been an invasion of octopoda, some of them of
large size, which have appeared off the south coast and
have done havoc with lobsters, crabs, and nets.

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EUROPEANS RETURNING FROM THE CITY WITH PLUNDER



THE CHINESE CARRYING OFF THEIR PILLAGE

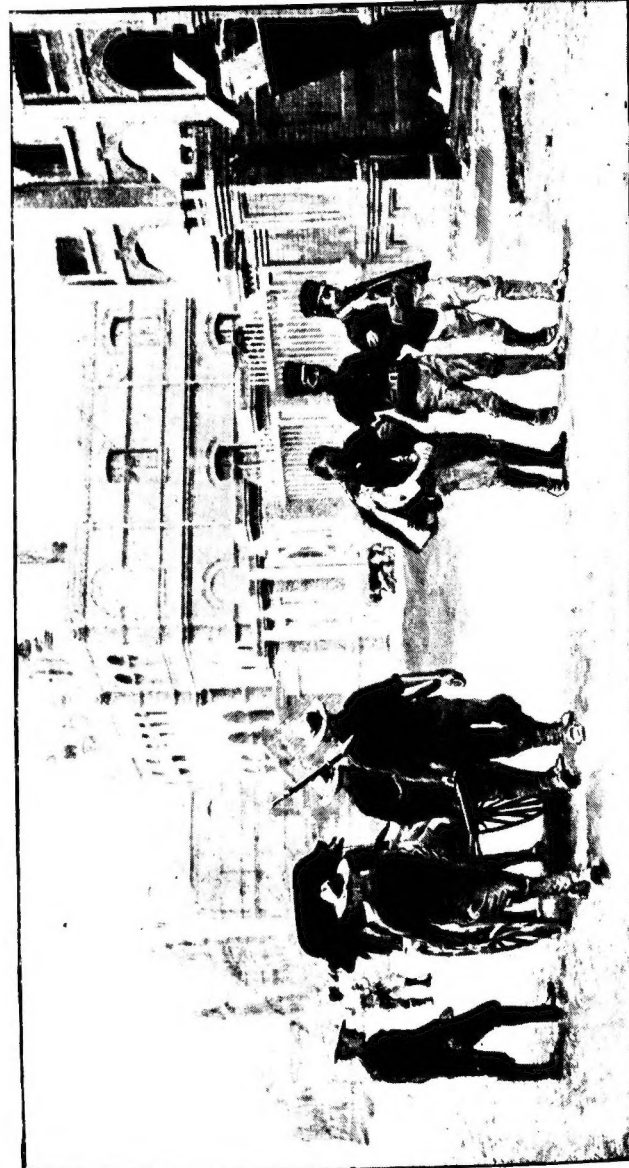
DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. H. SAVAGE LANDOR

On the day after the battle and fall of the city a great number of Chinese entered the city and managed to carry off a large amount of property, but they mostly went in for clothes, furs, silks and embroideries, whereas the European forces, to whom the city and suburbs were handed over by the authorities to loot,

mostly made for silver and gold. The Rev. D. J. Mills, a China inland missionary, criticising the fact that Europeans were allowed to loot, says that cartloads, past counting, of gold and silver were brought away, to be equally divided among the forces

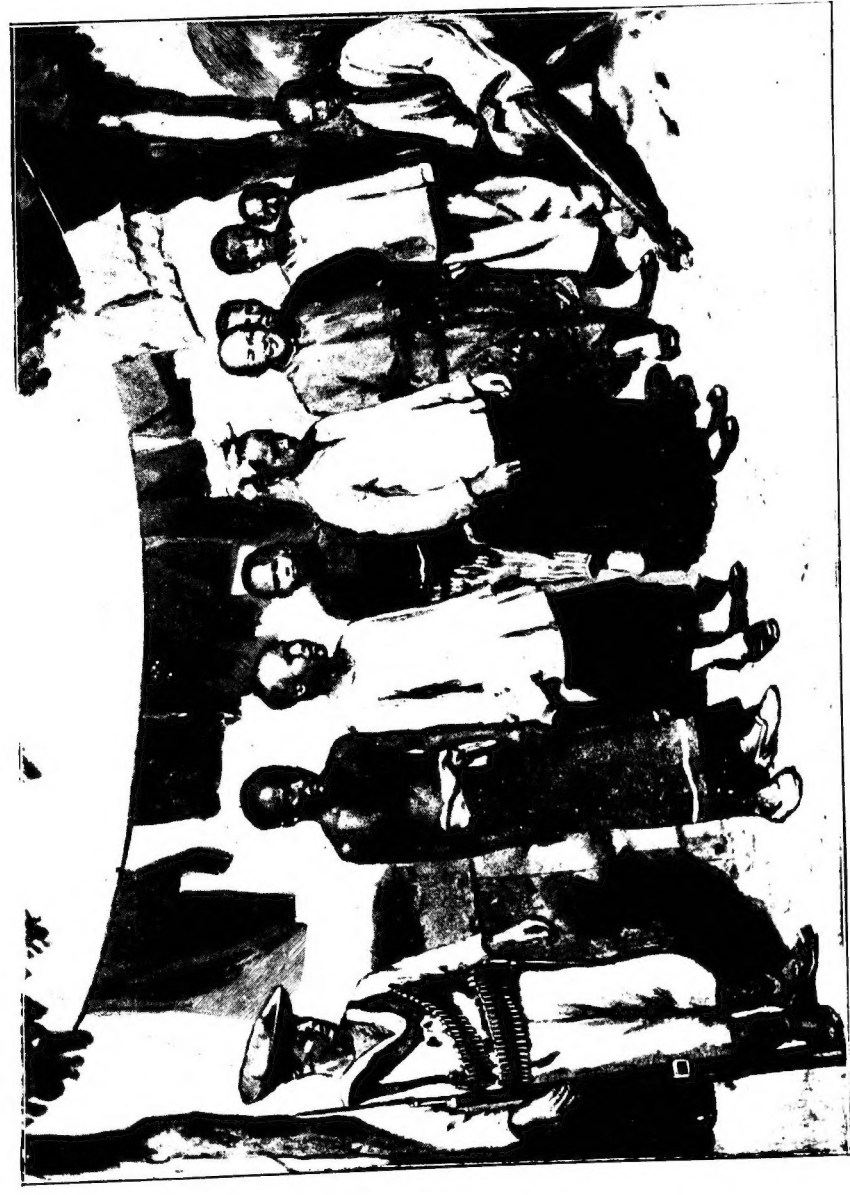
THE CRISIS IN CHINA: THE LOOTING OF TIENTSIN BY CHINESE AND FOREIGNERS



The three men on the right are Japanese, and the man with the rickshaw are Americans
SOME OF THE WOUNDED AFTER THE BATTLE OF JULY 14



JAPANESE CAVALRY RETURNING TO QUARTERS AFTER THE BATTLE OF JULY 14



"BOXER" PRISONERS TAKEN BY THE BRITISH CONTINGENT



This improvised bakery is in the quarters of the contingent from H.M.S. Bacchus
THE HANDY MAN'S NEW PATENT BAKERY

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: THE OCCUPATION OF TIENTSIN BY THE ALLIED FORCES

From Photographs by A. H. Savage Landor

The Court

THE chief interest in Court circles this week has been the announcement that Her Majesty has consented to mark the consolidation of the Australian Commonwealth by agreeing to Lord Salisbury's recommendation that the Duke and Duchess of York should pay a visit next spring to the Australian Colonies. Moreover, the Duke will bear Her Majesty's commission to open the first Session of the Commonwealth Parliament in her name. Such a decision has been warmly welcomed both in Australasia and at home, particularly as Her Majesty emphasises it by declaring that she "fully recognises the greatness of the occasion which will bring her Colonies of Australia into federal union, and desires to give this special proof of her interest in all that concerns the welfare of her Australian subjects. Her Majesty at the same time wishes to signify her sense of the loyalty and devotion which have prompted the spontaneous aid so liberally offered by all the Colonies in the South African War, and of the splendid gallantry of her Colonial troops."

Golden September shows Balmoral in full beauty, and with a goodly gathering of relatives to fill the Castle, the Royal circle is brighter than at any time since the recent mourning. Prince Henry of Prussia has come back again from Germany to retail his experiences of the German Army Manœuvres at Stettin, while the Prince of Wales, fresh from his visit abroad, is the latest addition to the party. With such good shots as the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, the German Prince has the best opportunity of sport, so that most of the Prince's time will be devoted to the Queen's forests, besides shooting over some of the neighbours' preserves. The Queen takes full advantage of the lovely autumn weather to enjoy long drives, with Princess Beatrice, Princess Henry of Prussia, and the Duchess of York as companions. When Her Majesty makes any lengthy excursion the Royal children often follow in another carriage and join their grandmother for tea. The Glassalt Shiel, where Her Majesty often has tea in her picturesque forest lodge, is a very favourite afternoon excursion, while the Royal party are constantly to be seen driving through Braemar. There are generally guests at dinner—members of the German Prince and Princess's suite, friends from the neighbourhood, and the Minister-in-Attendance. Nor are official duties absent, for the Queen has received the new British Chargé d'Affaires at Darmstadt, the Hon. Alan Johnstone, to kiss hands on his appointment, while on Tuesday Her Majesty held a Council at Balmoral.

Homburg waters have done the Prince of Wales a great deal of good, and he looks all the better for his trip abroad. Probably this is due to the fact that the Prince, unlike many visitors to Homburg, took his "cure" seriously, did not go in for gaiety, and was early to bed and early to rise. He spent a few days in town on his return, and then went to Rufford Abley, Notts, to stay with Lord and Lady Savile until Monday. The Prince's visit was strictly private, but a number of friends were invited to meet him, including the Russian Grand Duke Michael and his wife. He left on Monday night to join the Queen at Balmoral, and later on pays a round of visits in Scotland, beginning with the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Mar Lodge.

The Princess of Wales will not be home from Denmark till early next month, when all the family will settle at Sandringham for the shooting season. The King of Denmark is so happy to have his two elder daughters, the Princess and the Dowager-Empress of Russia, with him that the family gathering at Fredensborg is to be prolonged as much as possible. The Princess has been present at the baptism of her little great-nephew, Prince and Princess Christian of Denmark's second son. The ceremony took place in the private chapel at Fredensborg, King Christian, the Dowager-Empress of Russia with her two younger children, and all the Danish Royal Family being present, and the baby was named Knud Christian Frederick Michael. The Princess often goes into Copenhagen shopping, walking about the streets unattended in the homely way usual to the Danish Royal Family, and on Sunday she was present, with Princesses Victoria and Maud, at the harvest thank-giving Service at the English Church. The Dowager-Empress of Russia and her children went into Copenhagen at the same time for the Russian Service, the whole party meeting at the Palace afterwards for lunch. Another day the Princesses lunched with the Empress and family on board their yacht *Polar Star*. When the Princess of Wales returns home Princess Maud and her husband come with her to stay at their Norfolk home, Appleton Hall, until the New Year. Then, as Princess Maud is still rather delicate, she will go to the Riviera with Prince Charles for the rest of the winter and the early spring.

Better news of the Empress Frederick's health. Possibly, indeed, Her Majesty may be able to come to England next month after all, and in that case she would stay with the Queen at Windsor for several weeks before going to Italy for the winter.

The Grand Duchy of Hesse has been left without any direct male heir by the death of Prince Henry of Hesse, uncle of the reigning Grand Duke. The young Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse have only one child, a daughter, and this year Loth of Hesse, brothers of the late Grand Duke, have passed away childless. Prince Henry was sixty-two and had been twice married morganatically. Had the Princes of Battenberg not been the children of a morganatic union they would now be next in the succession. Another German Prince has met with a more tragic end—Prince Albert of Saxony, youngest son of Prince George, who is heir apparent to the childless reigning King. The young Prince was driving home from the German manœuvres to his quarters when the horses of his carriage bolted and he was thrown out, receiving such terrible injuries that he died in ten minutes. Prince Albert was captain in an Uhlan regiment, and was only five-and-twenty.

The Kaiser and His Army

THE manœuvres with which the military year closes in Germany have been in progress this month. In Germany every one of the twenty-three Army Corps manœuvres each year, but one or two of the corps are selected to operate under the eyes of the Kaiser in what are called the Kaiser manœuvres. This year the Guards and the second Army Corps were chosen, and the operations are taking place between their respective headquarters, Berlin and Stettin. Each corps has the assistance of a cavalry division, so that there are some 60,000 men, 8,000 cavalry and 400 guns in the field. The Kaiser, who enters upon his military duties with a zest that astonishes every one, has reviewed the two corps, and on each occasion the Empress has accompanied him. At Berlin the Guards were reviewed. There the Kaiser first presented the infantry regiments with new colours, and then inspection began. This lasted nearly an hour, and the final march past was a most imposing spectacle. The infantry led, followed by the cavalry and artillery. The Jaegers for China participated in the "parade" with all the colours of the expeditionary force. A banquet followed the "parade," at which Major-General Frank Russell was present. He had gone to Berlin to pay his respects to the Emperor on appointment as Colonel of the 1st (Royal) Dragoons, of which regiment His Majesty is Colonel-in-Chief. The review at Stettin took place a week later, and was rendered especially interesting by the fact that the Empress in the march past rode at the head of her Cuirassiers, the 2nd Pomeranians. Her Majesty, who

wore a white uniform with the yellow ribbon of the Order of the Black Eagle, presented a very handsome appearance as she rode past, followed by Colonel Schieffer, colonel of the regiment, and looked, if not exactly military, every inch a queen. Among the distinguished company present were Prince Albert of Prussia, Prince Regent of Brunswick, and the young Prince, who, by the bye, has just been promoted to the rank of lieutenant. The whole scene formed a grand military spectacle. On the right of the regiments marching past were the staff and the foreign military attachés in their varied uniforms, on the left were a crowd of German officers in all kinds of uniforms who were not taking part in the review but were merely spectators. A special historical interest is attached to the fact that it took place on the same ground where, during the review held in September, 1887, the old Emperor William, the Kaiser's grandfather, reviewed the same Army Corps. A monument erected to mark the spot where the old Emperor stood, during the recent review the Kaiser stood, when the troops marched quite close to the monument. A circumstance of this kind is sure to appeal to the Kaiser with his deep veneration for his grandfather, and must also have been not without its influence on the troops. The general idea of the manœuvres is that a hostile force, represented by the Second Army Corps, has landed at Walde, to the east of Stettin, and is pressing forward to Berlin, in the absence of the German forces elsewhere, is defended by the Guard Corps, which forms the "Blue" force. The manœuvres are carried out with the greatest realism, the troops march over the fields and bivouacking exactly as they would in war.



DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

FROM A SKETCH BY F. HOSANG

The gas for filling the balloons of the Balloon Section of the German Army is usually carried in steel tubes in waggons; but in mountainous districts where waggons cannot be used an ingenious device is used instead. The gas is compressed into small captive balloons, which can be dragged through the air by the men. The gas is so compressed that each small captive balloon holds enough to supply a military balloon. When the latter is to be filled, the gas is pressed out of the small balloon through an india-rubber tube, and is rolled up as it is emptied in order to prevent the gas returning.

THE GERMAN ARMY MANŒUVRES: A BALLOON SECTION AT WORK IN THE MOUNTAINS



DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN M. GREER

A WELL-EARNED REST: MAJOR BEDDOES'S COLUMN HALTING NEAR DOMPOASSI



DRAWN BY D. BOWE WATERS

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN M. GREER

ON THE ROAD TO ENTREFOO: TROUBLE WITH A GUN ON ROUGH GROUND

A force of 400 men of the West African Frontier Force, under Major Beddoes, was despatched by Colonel Willcocks from Bickwai at the end of July for the purpose of discovering the enemy's war camp to the east of Dampoassi. After a splendid march the camp was discovered, and on July 30 three severe fights and two minor engagements were fought. In the second of these actions the ground was so rough, and sloped to such an extent, that each time the gun was fired it turned a complete somersault. The enemy was invisible in the thick bush, and their position could only be told by the dense smoke and rapid flashes from their guns. The engagement lasted two hours, and Lieutenants Phillips and Swaley were severely

wounded. The enemy only vacated their position when their right flank was turned by a company under Captain Neal. They lost heavily, and especially towards the end of the fight. Owing to the nature of the ground it was found quite impossible to use the gun. Lieutenant Hadipanny, therefore, advanced with his West Indian gunners, armed with Lee-Netford rifles, up the hill side, and succeeded in cutting the enemy's left wing, which was enveloping our force. This action inflicted great loss upon the rebels, who were totally defeated and fled. Next day the column accomplished the long, tedious march from Entrefoo to Dampoassi, where they halted for an hour in a shady bamboo grove.

THE FIGHTING IN ASHANTI: THE OPERATIONS UNDER MAJOR BEDDOES

Sir Edward Seymour

ALTHOUGH he had not the good fortune to succeed in his march on Peking, the gallantry and tact displayed by Admiral Sir Edward H. Seymour, Commander-in-Chief in China, has been highly appreciated by the forces of other nations that accompanied him. Captain McCalla, the senior officer of the United States contingent, in his despatch to the Government, stated that during the almost continuous engagements Vice-Admiral Seymour was "constantly with the advanced guard, and so freely exposed himself that both his own officers and mine feared lest we should be deprived of his conspicuous skill in directing our movements. It would be a source of unqualified gratification to the officers and men of the *Newark*, who were associated with the Vice-Admiral's command, if our Government would offer this distinguished officer some appropriate and tangible recognition of his services to our nation." On the other hand, Sir Edward Seymour has paid a handsome tribute to the services of the foreign contingents.

Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Hobart Seymour, K.C.B., has been Commander-in-Chief of the China station since 1897. He was born in 1845 and entered the Navy in 1852, after spending some months at Rudley College. He first saw active service as a midshipman on board the *Terrible* during the Russian War in the Black Sea, being present at the bombardment of Odessa and Sebastopol. He also served as a midshipman in the Chinese war of 1857, and was on board the *Calcutta's* launch when it was sunk at the destruction of the Chinese flotilla at Fatsha Creek. He was promoted to be sub-lieutenant in 1859, and became lieutenant a year later. In 1860 he was awarded the Royal Humane Society's medal for a plucky attempt to save the life of a marine who fell overboard at Rhio Straits, China. In 1870, when he was commander of the *Growler*, Admiral Seymour succeeded in rescuing an English vessel from pirates on the Congo. He was severely wounded, and received the special approval of the Admiralty for his bravery on that occasion. He was captain of the *Iris* during the Egyptian War of 1882. In 1887 he was appointed A.D.C. to the Queen. From 1892 to 1894 he was second in command of the Channel Squadron.



SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR IN FIGHTING KIT

From a Sketch from Life made by H. R. McClure, R.N.

Paoting-fu

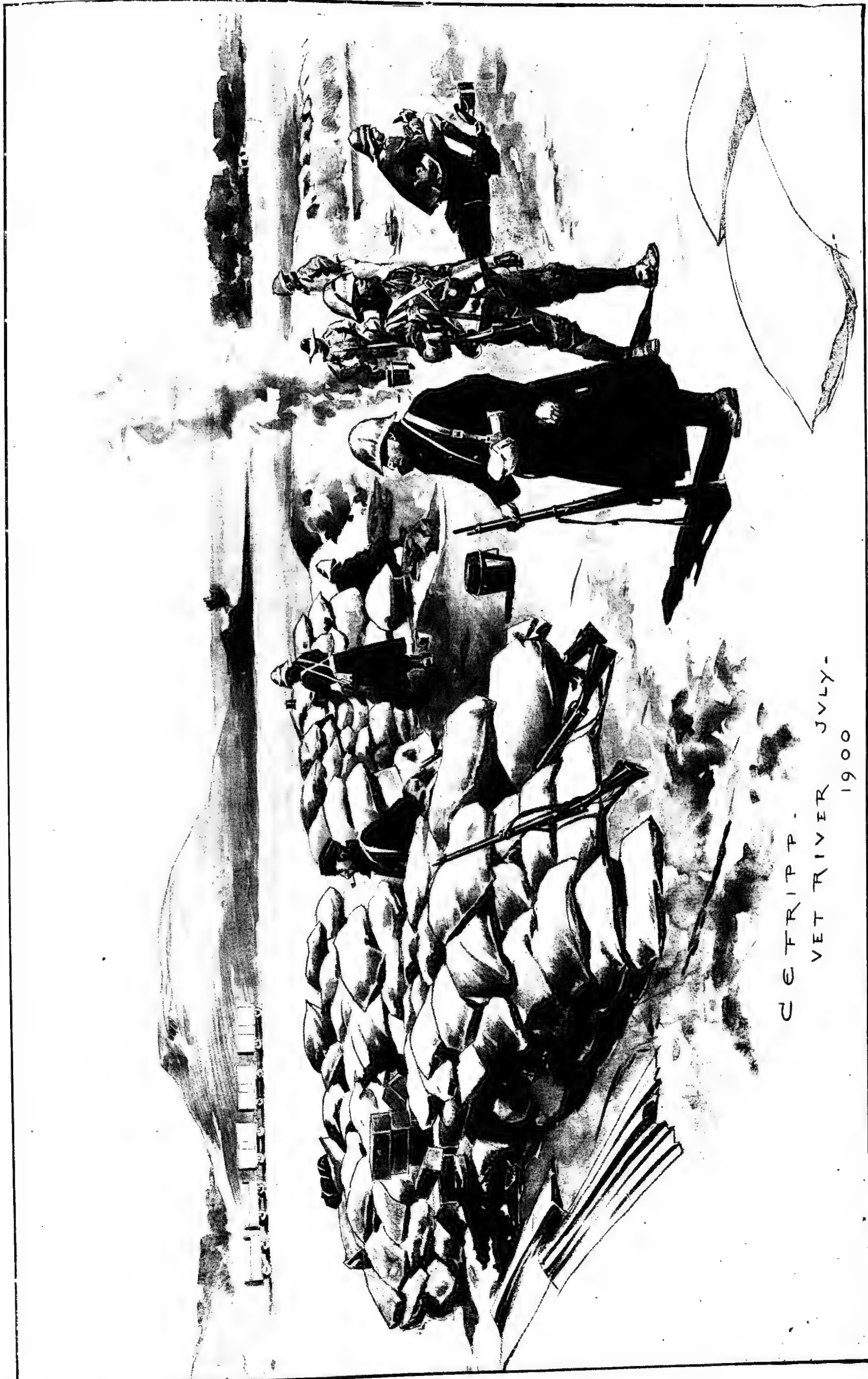
PAO-TING-FU—the objective of the two Punitive Expeditions from Tientsin and Peking—is the official residence of the Viceroy of Chi-li, and a place of great importance. It lies on the Imperial High Road from Peking to Tai-Yuen-fu, the present residence of the Dowager-Empress of China, and is distant some eighty miles to the south-west of the former city. It is joined to Tientsin by a canal, and is distant from that city some ninety-five miles. The city lies in an alluvial plain on the banks of the Fou Ho, a tributary of the Yung-ting Ho. Some hills rise to the west of the place, and the district is fairly well wooded. Large crops of millet are grown in the neighbourhood.

The city is regularly constructed, and is a busy commercial place. It is kept in better condition than is Peking. The city is surrounded by walls, which, however, though in a good state of repair, are not very extensive. The space enclosed by the enceinte is not, like so many of the large towns of China, filled with much waste land, but is nearly all built over. The streets are good, and contain fine shops. A large number of these shops are those of book and curio sellers, and wherever in China these are found to abound it is a sure sign of the prosperity and wealthiness of the inhabitants. The population is estimated at from 120,000 to 150,000 persons. From the Ku-leu, or "drum tower," a splendid panorama of the city and district is obtainable. The Tsung-leu, or "bell tower," is in a ruinous condition, but contains a fine bell. One of the great sights of the city is an enormous temple, which, with its courts and buildings, covers a space of ground of about two acres. The largest court contains two buildings, each of which possesses seven-and-twenty huge idols. One group of figures consists of the Guardian of Hell and his coadjutors dispensing justice amongst the doomed. Another court contains a colossal statue of the "Queen of Heaven," who is especially sought after by wives and mothers. Her shrine is hung with votive tablets. It is estimated that this large temple contains altogether some thousands of idols. Another feature of the city is a fine temple built upon a raised platform, which is ascended by some thirty marble steps. At the top of these is a handsome domed



AMERICAN MARINES BRINGING IN A WOUNDED JAPANESE SOLDIER AFTER THE BATTLE OF TIENSIN
THE CRISIS IN CHINA: TRUE BROTHERS IN ARMS

From a Photograph by A. H. Savage Lander



C E FRIPP.
VET RIVER JULY-
1900

Our Artist writes:—"The weather is now chilly, in spite of a bright sun shining some times for a long while after sunrise, and great-coats are pretty generally worn. This is not a picturesque spot, but it is so characteristic of the defences scattered along the railway that I send a sketch of it."

ON THE LINES OF COMMUNICATION IN SOUTH AFRICA: AN ENTRENCHMENT AT VET RIVER

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.

building, containing a huge goddess, provided with forty-two arms. This temple is supposed to have been built during the Ming Dynasty, which ruled in China from A.D. 1300 to A.D. 1600. In the outskirts of the city are the most ancient temples of all. They were erected in the distant ages in honour of the mythical Yao and his mother. Pao-ting-fu is joined to Peking by a line of railway. Between the two cities lie a number of towns of interest and importance.

The Crisis in China

By CHARLES LOVE

IN the course of the last week Field-Marshal Count Waldersee reached Hong Kong on his way to the front, and it is to be assumed that Li Hung Chang has by this time also reached Peking. These are the two main personal facts which will have a determining influence on the immediate future of China. As for Li Hung Chang, after infinite delay and several false starts, he at last managed to get under weigh from Shanghai on the 14th inst., taking his passage north on board the China merchants' steamer *Anping*, which sailed under the British flag. The vessel was "accompanied," if not, perhaps, escorted, by the German despatch boat *Hela*. Typhoons and other natural impediments retarded the voyage of the aged Viceroy, so that his progress to the capital was by no means so speedy as the circulation of the Imperial Edict appointing him to conduct the peace negotiations with the Powers, which ran:—"Li Hung Chang, Envoy Plenipotentiary, is hereby vested with full discretionary powers, and shall promptly deal with any questions which may require attention. From this distance we cannot control his actions. Let this Edict be forwarded with extra expedition at the rate of 600 li per day. To Earl Li, for his information and guidance. Respect this!"—the Chinese equivalent of our own "Oyez! oyez!" used by criers of courts to secure silence and attract attention before making a proclamation. A supplementary Edict ran:—"We hereby command Li Hung Chang, Envoy Plenipotentiary, with full discretionary powers, and Grand Secretary of State, to proceed at once by steam vessel to Peking, and there to associate himself with Prince Ching in discussing and dealing with all pending questions." At first four, the number of the Celestial plenipotentiaries have thus been reduced to two. As for Prince Ching, he has already had several interviews with the foreign Ministers at Peking, including Sir Claude MacDonald. To Mr. Conger the Prince said that the Emperor was anxious to return to Peking and make "all proper reparation," adding that His Majesty and the entire Court were at a small village only sixty miles away. To a Press interviewer Prince Ching said he trusted that in the immediate future everything would be settled satisfactorily. He thought the treatment of Peking by the Powers had been unnecessarily cruel, especially in regard to private property. He was thankful, however, that the sacred city had been preserved. He had come to Peking with full authority from the Emperor to obtain peace by any necessary sacrifice, but he felt sure that the Powers would be generous enough not to exact anything degrading to the dignity of China, or encroaching on Chinese territory.

Reparation Must be Made

That was what the French also hoped in 1871, but they had to pay the penalty of their declaration of war and crushing defeat all the same; and the Chinese also will not be let off so easily as they expect. They have committed monstrous crimes alike against the laws of humanity and the law of nations, and they must bear the consequences. As for the laws of humanity, not to speak of the fiendish siege of the Legations, it is now stated by Reuter's Special Correspondent at Shanghai that, apart from European missionaries, no fewer than from 15,000 to 20,000 native converts were massacred during July in the northern provinces. "Many women were subjected to unspeakable barbarities, and several cases are known of these victims having endured horrible tortures, prolonged for several days. It is not possible to enter into details, but it is sufficient to say that even the Indian Mutiny did not produce such instances of revolting atrocity." As for the law of nations, which has been equally outraged by the Chinese at Peking, the Powers are all agreed that satisfaction must be given for the past as well as guarantees for the future, while Germany, as the most deeply wronged and insulted of all the Powers, will doubtless insert a very special item in her bill of claims. Indeed, she has already taken the bold initiative, as usual, by declaring she "considers that, as a condition precedent of entering into Diplomatic relations with the Chinese Government, those persons must be delivered up who are proved to have been the original and actual instigators of the outrages against International Law perpetrated in Peking." And what said Li Hung Chang when asked as to his plans for a settlement? "I will cross the bridge when it is reached," a truly Delphic utterance; and, again:—"China has her views as to what settlement is desirable. Other Governments have their views. We will meet and negotiate." It would appear that the Japanese favour Prince Ching, and the Russians Li Hung Chang, while it is not surprising, if there be any truth in the assertion of a correspondent at Shanghai, who wired: "It is perfectly well understood here that Li Hung Chang is prepared merely to register the orders issued to him by the Russian Government. Now that the Transvaal War is virtually at an end, it is hoped most earnestly that Lord Salisbury will take up a stronger position in Peking, and will keep there, not only British troops, but also a vigorous Minister. The present humble footing occupied by us in the capital is injurious to the *in rite* of the Indian soldiers, who have always believed their officers without equals, and now find them to be behind those of the Russians and Japanese."

But confusion is by no means confined to the councils

of the Chinese. Five Russian regiments have already left the capital in consonance with the Tsar's determination to withdraw his troops and his representative, M. de Giers, to Tientsin; but 8,000 Muscovite soldiers have been left in the capital to protect their country's interest, which is far in excess of the Indo-British contingent there; but, indeed, the military situation at Peking has been rendered more obscure than ever. At a solemn meeting of the Generals "it was agreed that looting should cease," which was a proof that it had been indulged in pretty freely till then, but the accounts that reach us of sporadic fighting and skirmishing around the capital are of a very confusing kind. An Allied force of 4,000, under General Dordard, has taken the field against the Boxers, who are threatening the Tientsin district, while Chinese troops are concentrating at Singan, and menacing movements of Black Flags are reported.

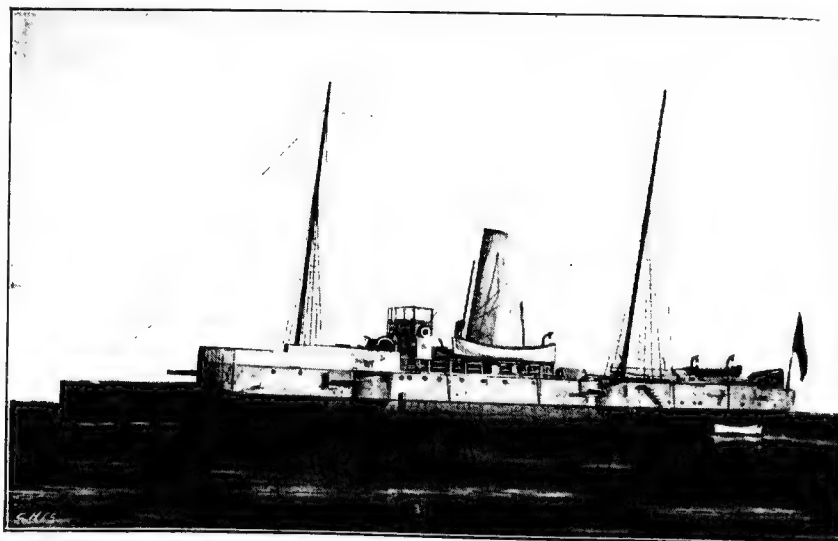
Engagements with the Boxers

Around Peking itself a good deal of fighting has been going on. A troop of American cavalry which was sent out to convoy cattle into the city surprised 300 Imperialists, who were quartered in the Temple at Shaho. They killed 30, and captured 125 rifles. Moreover, there was a sharp engagement between one company of the 14th U.S.A. Infantry and 2,000 Boxers at No-tao, on the Peking road. The Americans made a gallant stand, and a detachment of the Bengal Lancers who happened to be in the vicinity, hearing the firing, came to the rescue and charged the Boxers in the rear. The enemy were routed, and left 200 dead on the field. Again, under date September 6:—"The Russian—Colonel Tretiakoff's—party yesterday engaged 500 Boxers seven miles from Machipo. The Boxers were armed with swords and spears. The Russian cavalry sabred many in the cornfields, and killed their leader. Their total loss was 200. The Russians lost an officer wounded and two Cossacks killed." Nor have the Germans been idle or less infected by the spirit of international emulation. Assisted by forty Bengal Lancers, their Naval Battalion, or Marines, as we should say, captured and burned the town of Liang, killing a hundred Boxers. But the heaviest casualty list among the Allies fell to the Indo-British contingent, of which a fatigue party, engaged in the destruction of a powder factory at Tung-Chow, became the victims of a "serious accident," which resulted in the fatal wounding of nearly a score, and the serious maiming of many others. "The total troops of all nations," says a Peking telegram, "is now about 70,000, of whom 22,000 are Japanese, and they are all preparing to go into winter quarters between the capital and the coast." Sir Robert Hart has told the Generals that they must be prepared for future hostilities, that Chinese troops are concentrating and moving on the line of communications between Peking and Tientsin, and that further trouble may be looked for by November.

Major J. A. Johnstone, R.M.L.I., commanded the Marines with Admiral Seymour's force in China when they attempted to relieve the Legations in Peking, and were cut off from all communication for ten days, from June 13 to June 27. Captain McCalla, U.S. Navy, says of him in his despatch:—"To Major J. R. Johnstone, of H.M.S. *Centurion*, commanding the British Marines, whose courage and qualities as a military officer entitle him to the greatest respect, and whose support in battle was prompt and always to be relied upon." He was also mentioned in Admiral Seymour's telegraphic despatches several times. Our portrait is by Yamabe, Yokohama.



MAJOR J. R. JOHNSTONE
Mentioned in Admiral Seymour's despatches



The South Australian Government's offer to send the gunboat *Protector* to China having been accepted by the British Government, the vessel sailed from Port Adelaide on August 6, arrived at Sydney on the 10th, and after recouling, called at Brisbane on the 14th to pick up Commander Criswell, who resigned the command some months ago and has been reappointed to the vessel. Our photograph is by J. E. Gill.

THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN GUNBOAT "PROTECTOR," LENT FOR USE IN CHINA

Tientsin

By AN OLD RESIDENT

TIENTSIN is reputed a wealthy and a wicked city, of which it is alike open to everyone to make his nest; it costs no more to put its population as high as a million; it costs no more than 300,000—the figures at which others put it. The city at the terminus of the Grand Canal, at its junction with the Peiho River, gives the place enormous advantages. The grain supply of the capital was formerly by the canal from the rice-growing provinces on the north; for more than thirty years the canal navigation has been closed by changes in the course of the Yellow River. Commerce on the canal has been reduced enormously, but has been well supplied by the increased trade from the sea, being only fifty miles from the mouth of the river, and ten feet of water up to the wall of the city. Its strategic gateway to the capital has given the place the high importance also. It was the capture of Tientsin which brought the Chinese Government to terms, and compelled the sign the treaties which bear its name. It was by the capture of Tientsin that the Anglo-French forces advanced on Peking, and again in 1900 it has been conspicuous as the centre of contention between foreigners and Chinese.

Tientsin has always been noted for having a large number of rowdies. Every winter, when the river was frozen up and from the sea was stopped up, there used to be a great deal of trouble among the inhabitants, who apprehended outbreaks, and precautions were taken by the native authorities to prevent them of that kind. It may be remembered that Tientsin was the scene of the worst outbreak of Chinese violence previous to the year 1900. That was just thirty years ago, when a great massacre of foreigners—especially French Catholics—took place. At that time there had been no high authority resident in the town; but after that massacre the chief authority of the town was made Tientsin the headquarters of Government during the remainder of the year. The official who filled this office for a quarter of a century was Li Hung Chang, and during his tenure order and quiet were maintained throughout his whole term. If he had still remained in office there, possibly, the Boxers might not have received the encouragement it has done, and perhaps, it is a good thing that the explosion has taken place, which shows what the Chinese sentiments are towards foreigners.

The city proper, being as near as possible square, is surrounded by a wall, within which are all the official buildings. It is a small city, but has a large and crowded suburb, and, as is the case in China, all the important business is transacted there. The city extends for a mile along the bank of the river and half a mile along the Grand Canal, most convenient for the landing and shipping of merchandise. The foreign quarter is quite distinct from the native city, and lies lower down the river, but within easy distance. It consists of concessions of land, marked out first for the French residents, and next for the British residents; but in practice these areas are occupied promiscuously by all nationalities. There is, however, an important distinction between the conditions of residence in the British and in the French settlements, which is that in the British settlements Chinese residents are rigidly excluded. The French settlement, on the other hand, is more than half occupied by Chinese tenements. It appears that the French prefer the convenience of living away from their own countrymen, but this has always been considered the danger of the French foreign community, for it was impossible to keep a check on the movements of the crowds of low-class Chinese who congregated in the French settlements, and it was from that quarter that the worst of the British settlements were accustomed to expect trouble.

The railway station is on the opposite side of the river from the town. The country around is so perfectly flat that a very slight rise in the volume of the Peiho causes inundations, and breaches take place in the rivers in the interior it is not unusual to have the whole country a perfect lake, the water standing for more than a year without being drained off. At these times much of the local traffic is carried on in boats, sporting foreigners living about the place amuse themselves the summer with sailing yachts of light draught, and in the winter, when everything is frozen hard, they enjoy the exhilarating of ice-boat sailing. During the floods the villages with clumps of trees stand out exactly like islands in the sea. The houses are all built on raised mounds upon the highest flood level, and each village is compelled to keep a boat in the water for emergencies. Another feature in the landscape is the universal graveyard, every family having its own. But, of course, in such a watery country there is no such thing as burial. The cemeteries are constructed, it is well covered over with earth, and built round with brick, according to the custom of the family, and the country seems to be covered over with these rather lugubrious monuments. The burial grounds of well-to-do families are the most attractive points, because of the trees and the ornamentation of them and which are respected by the custom of the country, for where there is a desperate demand for fuel nothing is sacred. A wood-cutter unless it be protected by some official sanction or unwritten law, which is of more value in that country than of any statute.

The climate is dry and healthy, for even in the summer rains the atmosphere seems to be quickly when the sun comes out, and the weather is always tolerable, although the thermometer sometimes at 100 Fahr.

There could not be a better place for the valuable property was easily got at, and for the fur and silk shops, the pawnbrokers, silver banks and so forth were all handily accessible, and packed close together. The goods of plunder collected by the Allied troops were attended, and many profitable bargains were

The War in South Africa

It is still correct to speak of a war in South Africa? Scarcely, now of Lord Roberts's proclamation to the Boers, dated the 11th, which followed hard on ex-President Kruger's flight from the Transvaal and arrival at Lourenço Marques. That Mr. Roberts last turned his back on the country which has been the theatre of his insensate obstinacy and ambition was less of a surprise than the fact, as stated by Lord Roberts, that nearly all the Boers are now our prisoners of war, and the revelation will, we believe as much of an eye-opener to the burghers themselves as it was to us. "Not one of these (prisoners)," says Lord Roberts, "will be released until those now in arms surrender unconditionally." This is a cogent enough statement of its kind, but the Commander-in-Chief hinted at still more drastic measures to put a stop to what is now little more than guerilla warfare and brigandage. The Boer armies, we have now practically all been disposed of, and nothing remains but the still but implacable bands of mere brigands, who will not be dealt with on the ordinary lines of regular warfare. The Field-Marshal's warning in this respect is very serious, and by this time the Boers ought to know that a man who no less says what he means than means what he says, should be failing in my duty to Her Majesty's Government to Her Majesty's Army in South Africa, if I neglected any means in my power to bring such irregular warfare to a conclusion. The means which I am compelled to adopt are such as the customs of war prescribe as being applicable to them; they are ruinous to the country, entail endless suffering to the burghers and their families; and the longer this guerilla warfare continues the more vigorously must they be enforced." We say, the day is near when a state of peace will be proclaimed, what used to be the two Boer Republics which have been actively annexed to the dominions of the British crown, and all those still in arms against the authority of the Queen are treated, not as belligerents, but as rebels. There is no way of dealing with the matter. At the same time, the Boers are to be taken against the rebels will be tempered with mercy, and we already hear of a good effect being produced on the minds of the wavering burghers by the declaration that those who surrender shall not be deported, with the exception of their officers, who would be dealt with by Lord Roberts. In view of all those things it is truly amusing to hear, through the egregious Dr. Leyds, of Mr. Kruger's intention to stump Europe "for the purpose of submitting to the world a plan for the autonomous administration of the two South African Republics under British suzerainty," which, in the case of the Transvaal, would be nothing but a return to the *status quo ante*.

While this *tellum*, on the part of the beaten Boers, is changing more and more into mere brigandage—even in the northern portion of the Transvaal, where Ben Viljoen has succeeded in being installed, as Generalissimo of the burghers still in the field. But everywhere in that field they are being steadily pressed towards towards the Portuguese frontier with every sign of discouragement, and we even hear of their using their rifles against one another. Formerly ever on the alert, they are now oftener than not surprised by us in their camps and quarters. This was more particularly the case at Harton, where French, after a daring and almost impossible night march with his goat-footed cavalry, caught the Boers in their camp and made an immense capture of stores, railway stock, including forty-three locomotives, to which were added fifty more "in good order," when French pushed on to Avoca. Twenty-three British officers and fifty-nine men, captives of war at Harton, were also released to their infinite joy; while, on the other hand, a hundred Boers were taken prisoners. About the same time, too, "fighting Mac," with his Highland Brigade—of which we have not been hearing much for some time—made a clever capture of half a Boer convoy on the Vet River, including thirty-five waggons loaded with stores and munitions and 270 trek oxen. "Their action was beyond all praise," said MacDonald of the Scouts, recruited from the gamekeepers and ghillies of his own native Ross-shire and Inverness-shire, in describing the part they had taken in the gratifying capture. Moreover, at Spitzkop, Buller found 300,000 lbs. of Boer supplies and boxes of Martini ammunition; while Douglas, in the west, at Otterhoop and Lichtenberg, repulsed a Boer attack on the frontier and made a large capture of grain and other stores. From the Clements, and Hunter the most favourable reports have been received, especially from Hart, who "re-occupied" Potchefstroom on the 11th inst. after taking the Boers there completely by surprise, mounted troops having covered forty-five miles and his infantry fifty-five straight off in order to do this.

But it is the eastern portion of the Transvaal which continues to be the main centre of military interest; and even here the fighting of our troops is not so much with the Boers, who are no longer capable of organised resistance, as with the tremendous natural difficulties of their country and the question of transport. If no longer able to bar our pursuit with their guns and rifles, the Boers have still combative power enough left to blow up bridges and destroy railways, but it is nevertheless certain that in a few days the Delagoa Bay line will be in our possession from Pretoria to Komati Poort, and then there will be no further reason for delaying the proclamation of the Queen's peace from the Orange River to the Limpopo. If the remnants of the Boer forces attempt to seek refuge across their Eastern frontier, they will be disarmed by the Portuguese, who are taking steps to secure the neutrality of their territory, just as Bourbaki's army had to lay down its arms on crossing the Swiss frontier during the winter of the Franco-German War. The game is up, and the Boers know it, and all the counter-proclamations of the ex-Presidents Steyn and Kruger, declaring our annexation of the two Republics null and void, will not alter or undo those accomplished facts, which are now awaiting certain ratification for all time by the ballot-boxes of the British people.

Captain William Henry Wemyss Stewart, of the 4th Rifle Brigade, who died of wounds received at Bergendal, was twenty-nine years of age. He joined the Army in 1891. He obtained his lieutenantcy in the following year, and was made captain in 1897. Our portrait is by G. West and Son, Southsea.



THE LATE CAPTAIN W. H. WEMYSS STEWART
Died of wounds received at Bergendal

Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

"CABINET-MAKING" is an amusing occupation, and it is giving much employment now to those who lead an intelligently idle life. It is obvious that at the General Election the Unionists will be returned to power, and there is reason to believe that Lord Salisbury will re-assume the Premiership. He and Mr. Gladstone will then be the only two Premiers in this century who have held that office four times. Lord John Russell and Lord Derby were Premiers three times; Pitt, Perceval, Liverpool, Wellington, Melbourne, Peel, Palmerston, and Disraeli twice each.

Who are the members of the present Cabinet whose names will probably not figure in the next? Lord Halsbury was born in 1825

and is, therefore, seventy-five years of age. He has been twice Lord Chancellor, and there is no precedent in this century of any holder of that office undertaking a third term. These considerations lead the thoughtful to believe that Lord Halsbury will retire from the Lord Chancellorship at the expiration of the present Government.

Lord Cross is seventy-seven and Lord James of Hereford is seventy-two. It is generally expected that the names of neither of these will reappear in the next Ministry. Lord Cadogan will get the promotion in the peerage which has been promised him, and he, too, may drop out of official life. The Duke of Devonshire is sixty-seven, and his age and the complications of the political situation make it altogether unlikely that he could now ever attain the Premiership. Moreover, he is not an ambitious man. However, no man in this country has a greater reputation for honesty and common sense, and efforts may be made to induce him to re-assume office for the purpose of strengthening the new Government. Whether they succeed remains to be seen. As Minister for Foreign Affairs he would be welcomed both at home and abroad, but Lord Salisbury may not be inclined to resign the duties of that office. However, it is possible that the latter may think the Premiership a sufficient task on his strength at his advanced age.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain might return to the Colonial Office, or may be appointed Minister for War for the purpose of reconstructing that Department. Should he accept the latter he will have plenty of work on his hands. The military element is at the moment in the ascendant, and those who are behind the scenes in this matter declare that the military is determined to remove the civil element from the War Office. That, of course, would be a very unfortunate development, for the war in South Africa has proved that our officers are bad business men. Mr. Chamberlain would introduce sound business habits in the War Office, whilst Lord Roberts, as Commander-in-Chief, would reconstruct the military system. The latter would do that the better were Lord Kitchener appointed Adjutant-General, but a conspiracy is on foot to despatch Lord Kitchener to India as Commander-in-Chief; he has made many enemies in "Society."

Will Mr. Gully permit himself to be proposed again for the Speakership? He is sixty-five. There have been nine Speakers during the century; five ceased to hold the office before the age of sixty-four; Lord Peel resigned at sixty-six; whilst Lord Ossington and Lord Hampden retained the post, the one till he was seventy-two, the other till he was seventy. Mr. Gully was elected Speaker at the age of sixty, later in life than any of his predecessors in this century.

There are two men whose names continually recur in discussions relating to possible Ministerial combinations. Is Lord Cromer to be bound to Egypt until the close of his official career? Is Lord Dufferin destined never to figure in a Cabinet? The first is essentially a strong man; the second has enormous judgment and experience. Lord Charles Beresford, again, is a man of action who enjoys great popularity throughout the Empire. Will he ever attain Cabinet rank?

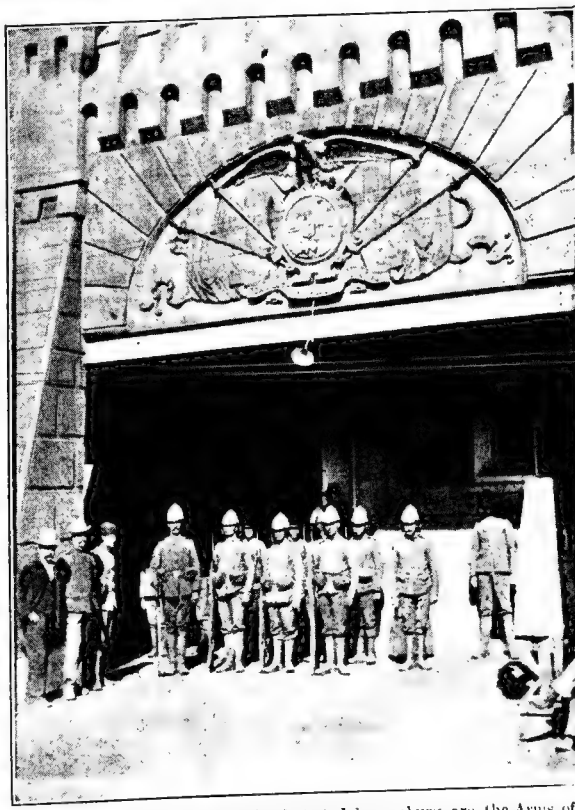
The Universities are sending many of their ablest men into journalism now, and several of these will use the profession as a stepping-stone to a political career. This will do much to remove the unreasonable prejudice against journalism which exists in this country, and will tend to place the profession more on a level with what it is on the Continent. Sir Alfred Milner began life as a journalist, and may be regarded as the Apostle of the new journalism. He is only forty-six, his name is known throughout the world, before many weeks are past he will have been promoted to the Peerage, and at some future time, when his work in South Africa has been completed, he may be included in some Government.

It has been urged for fully half a century that a South Africa Office should be established. If it was reasonable to make such a proposal so long ago, surely it is considerably more to the purpose now that our possessions and interests in that Continent have been very greatly increased. Sir Alfred Milner as first Minister for South Africa would arouse popular enthusiasm at this moment. The suggestion is new, and, therefore, cannot expect to be considered in a country in which every new idea or development is combated as if it were a most dangerous departure.



This gun belongs to the 2nd Devon Volunteer Company, and the photograph was taken by an officer at Val Station

A MAXIM GUN AT WORK



Over the main entrance to the fort at Johannesburg, are the Arms of the late Republic, "Eendragt maakt magt" (Union is strength). Our photograph is by Mr. Bennett

THE ENTRANCE TO JOHANNESBURG FORT



The men in our photograph (which is by an officer) are those of the 2nd Devon Volunteer Company

IN THE TRENCHES AT VAL STATION

Coast Defences

By AN ARTILLERY OFFICER

THE recent successful bombardment of the Taku Forts by a combined squadron of lightly armed ships has brought once more into notice the important question of coast defences. Were it not for such occasional displays of a fleet in action against forts, which recur from time to time, the adequate protection of vital points of our possessions would be a matter of less consideration even than it has hitherto been—the primary necessity for providing a powerful fleet, and, secondly, a thoroughly efficient field army, tending to absorb not only the interest of the nation, but all the available funds. This bombardment, followed by the capture of the Chinese forts, became, as in 1863, a necessity before any land operations could be undertaken against Tientsin or Peking, and this fact should be remembered by those who, with some reason, assert, on the other hand, that it is not the rôle of ships to endanger their existence by attacking fixed armaments on shore. Owing to financial reasons, forts are usually in a more or less obsolete condition as regards their armament, and deficient in a trained personnel, whilst such is not so likely to be the case with ships of war; consequently, a naval attack on forts often meets with success, as in this instance, with small loss either to ships or men. Theoretically, and under conditions more favourable to forts, contrary results should ensue, and an attack on strongly defended forts must always be a somewhat risky operation for a fleet, and one to be avoided if possible. Since it follows that immunity from attack in the case of a fortress is in direct proportion to its strength, this fact affords an excellent reason for forts being at all times maintained in a thorough state of efficiency. Strength in the defence of a fortified area or fortress on the coast means the existence of guns of a modern type, well situated behind earthen slopes, where



General Prinsloo, with Generals A. J. Villiers and Crowther with 936 men, 1,432 horses, 955 rifles, and one Krupp nine-pounder, surrendered near Fouriesburg. The prisoners were sent to Simonstown where their entry made an imposing sight. Guarded on either side by soldiers the long procession formed an interesting picture. Our photograph is by L. Jenks, Simonstown

"STILL THEY COME": BOER PRISONERS AT SIMONSTOWN

possible, above the sea level, and not readily distinguishable, the pieces themselves being adequately provided with shield protection, and the underground magazines well protected from an enemy's fire, and stored with abundant ammunition; further, a matter of supreme importance is the provision of a sufficient number of gunners well trained in the service of the guns, and in the usage of the somewhat complicated instruments and appliances required in the equipment of a modern fortress.

In the absence of full details as to the condition of the Taku Forts, both before and after their bombardment and capture, it is not easy to account for their succumbing so readily to the fire of our guns, except on the presumption of the personnel being untrained and the ammunition falling short, since it is believed the forts had been re-armed with heavy guns subsequently to the Japanese War.

In no country does the efficiency of coast defences assume more importance than with us. The mobility and striking power of our fleets depend on the coastal stations and naval bases in all parts of the world being adequately protected by fixed armaments, and, in addition, important trading ports, especially abroad, must be capable of self defence and not liable to unreasonable panic on the outbreak of war owing to their being unprotected.

The two factors on which the efficiency of coast defence depends are:—1. The presence of a well-trained personnel. 2. An efficient armament of modern heavy and quick-firing guns.

As regards the personnel, we maintain a force of some 18,000 regular garrison artillery for service at home and in India and the Colonies, the last-named including only Imperial fortresses and coaling stations; these numbers being augmented at home in time of war by Militia and Volunteer Artillery, and abroad by local companies of Militia. Whether the numbers provided are sufficient for the purpose required can never be satisfactorily



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

In the rainy summer season, the Swazi rivers often fill. The Swazi Queen, wearing her leopard skin and monkey tails, the symbols of Royalty, objects to getting her Royal person wet, and crosses a swollen stream over a bridge of interlocked shields held up by her bodyguard. The Swazi Queen, like most savage

potentates, is stout, but if any of her warriors was to yield at all under her weight he is sure of a Royal scolding

FROM A SKETCH BY H. LEA

A HUMAN BRIDGE IN SWAZILAND: THE QUEEN CROSSING A SWOLLEN STREAM



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARTON

A Correspondent writes: "Anything in the shape of excitement to break the monotony of a day's march over the desolate salt is welcome. Twice we sighted small herds of springbok going N by E. One lot ran foul of a barbed wire fence, leaving one of its number

hung up by its hind leg. Immediately from the length of the column fellows galloped out, officers, drivers, batmen, and in one or two cases men broke ranks from the Colonial companies, unable to resist such an attractive bit of sport. The bok saw them coming and

WITH COLONEL HICKMAN'S FLYING COLUMN: A RACE FOR A SPRINGBOK

FROM A SKETCH BY H. COLLINSON MORLEY
made frantic efforts to escape. It succeeded in getting away when the soldiers were within forty yards of it.

ascertained in peace times; but in the experience of many the numbers available abroad, at all events, would not be adequate in war unless augmented on the outbreak of hostilities by further contingents from home, which course would not probably be found possible. The replacement, however, of the larger number of old type pieces hitherto mounted by a smaller number of modern heavy guns, and light quick-firing guns, possesses also the advantage of considerably reducing the number of gunners required to man them; at the same time a higher degree of intelligence and training is demanded on the part of both officers and men.

The training of coast artillery in their duties has, during the last ten years, made considerable advances; and the methods of fighting a fort, or system of forts, which may be termed coast artillery tactics, are now well understood and practised, each officer and man having certain duties and responsibilities allotted him. These duties, in some cases being very technical, and requiring special training, have called into existence a body of "specialists," both officers and men, as inspectors, telephonists, telegraphists, gun layers, range and position finding men, machinery gunners and laboratory men; and, provided these duties are well performed, there is not much difficulty as regards the ordinary service of the guns in procuring a sufficiently high standard of efficiency from men of less intelligence or from men who, as in the case of Militia or Volunteer Artillery, can spare only a portion of their time during peace to an artilleryman's training.

Referring to the second factor mentioned, the efficiency of armaments, this matter is unfortunately most seriously affected by the question of expense, so that, owing to this cause and to the combined apathy and ignorance in the matter on the part of the British public, grave periods of delay usually occur in re-arming our forts, both at home and abroad, with modern guns and appliances equivalent to those mounted on the ships of every nation.

Much, no doubt, has been done in recent years towards constructing modern works and, as far as possible, remodelling the old forts, composed of masses of masonry so dear to the heart of the engineer of some thirty or forty years ago, and in replacing their obsolete guns and unwieldy mountings by long-range pieces of suitable calibres, having greater accuracy and rapidity of fire; but there still remains much to be done. There can, moreover, be no finality in this matter, and the country must face the fact that, at whatever cost, our forts must be armed with the best weapons that can be produced, and furnished with every modern appliance that will tend to increase the rapidity and accuracy of their fire.

Swaziland

SWAZILAND is a country possessing a special interest during the present war, because it has long been the object of one of Mr. Kruger's pet ambitions. He desired to obtain complete control of it, in the hope that it might ultimately help him in his ceaseless struggles to reach the coast and get a port of his own. He has reached the coast at last, but not quite in the manner that he anticipated. The Swazis are devoted to the English, and have been their staunch allies on more than one occasion. The Boers, however, they hate as they hate snakes, and it was feared for a time that the Imperial Government might have difficulty in restraining them from attacking their old enemies when the triumph of the British arms was once assured.

One of the weirdest sights to be seen in Swaziland is the *incwala*, or great "mealie dance." In the days of King Umbandine this spectacle was to be witnessed in its perfection. Six thousand warriors formed in a deep line, shield and assegai in hand, and, with the royal women on the right, they danced to a slow sonorous song. The time was perfectly kept, and when the warriors stamped their feet the earth seemed to tremble. Ever and anon a stalwart veteran of many fights would rush to the front and go through the pantomime of savage warfare, showing how he had swept all enemies from his path.

By-and-by the king advanced, carrying a gourd, which he threw at a certain warrior, who was forthwith seized and assegai'd, to take to the Walhalla of the Swazi a message from the nation to the spirit chiefs, telling them how it was with those who remained. After this a black bull was let loose and killed by force of muscle alone—a method of testing strength not quite so safe as the popular automatic machines in vogue in this country.

The Swazi in his primitive state is content with but little personal adornment. Nevertheless, he has his tastes, which English manufacturers may find it worth while to cultivate. The staple of trade consists of beads, wire, Salempore blankets, Kaffir picks, inferior felt hats, Berlin wool, cottons, coloured handkerchiefs, sickles, knives, cooking pots, &c. Many of the Swazis are more or less "civilised." That is to say, they take to wearing discarded tall hats, military tunics or overcoats, and boots two or three sizes too big for them. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. It is somewhat singular that owing to the remissness of English manufacturers, the Swazis are obliged to attend their fancy undress balls attired exclusively in foreign-made beads. This should be seen to, for the trader is sometimes as important a factor as the politician in annexing a new country.

The history of the Swazis is full of picturesque and stirring incidents. Constant feuds used to prevail between them and the Zulus, until the King, Umswazie, sent a deputation to the late Sir Theophilus Shepstone, known as Somtseu, to ask for the protection of the Great Queen. According to a polite but somewhat embarrassing custom, the indunas took with them a sister of Umswazie, offering her as a royal bride to Somtseu. The position of the latter was an exceedingly delicate one. He could not offend the dusky deputation. On the other hand, a Swazi bride was distinctly superfluous from the English point of view. Somtseu had a happy inspiration. He accepted the bride, but presented her in his turn to a doting induna who thought connubial bliss could not be over-multiplied. From that time the Swazis were gathered like black chicks under the wing of the Great Queen, and the Zulus ceased from troubling.

It was Umbandine who granted the first concessions to white men in Swaziland. By selling these, or rather the concessionaires, the King became very rich. In 1888 he gave a charter to a White

Governing Committee, and in the following year he agreed to the formation of a Commission under the British and Transvaal Governments to inquire into the best method of governing the whites in the country. Umbandine died in the same year, and was succeeded by Bunu, the young man whose playful vagaries caused so much trouble two or three years ago, and who recently followed his ancestor to the Swazi Walhalla. For some years past the government has been carried on through an administrator appointed by the Government of the now defunct South African Republic, assisted by a judge presiding over a High Court, and by half a dozen justices of the peace. The interests of the British subjects were protected by a British consul.

The Swazi Queen, mother of the late lamented Bunu, is a most interesting personality. It was really she who wielded the sceptre during her son's lifetime, the latter being in some sense a mere figurehead. She is a woman of resolute and fearless disposition, and her influence has, on the whole, tended in the direction of peace and good government. When Bunu refused, after the killing of Umbapa, to come into Bremersdorp, she tendered to the Administrator what was tantamount to an apology for her son's contumacious conduct.

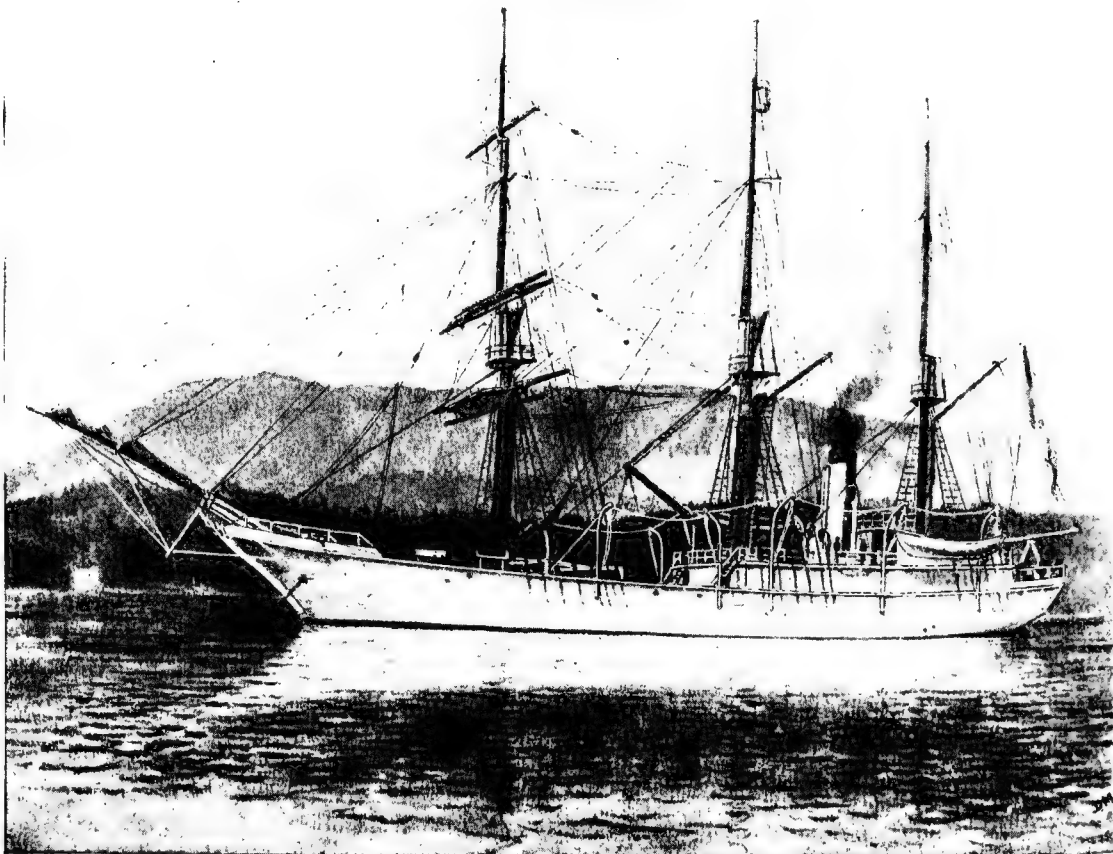
The Duke of the Abruzzi

THE Royal Arctic explorer, the Duke of the Abruzzi, has been welcomed home most enthusiastically in Italy. His home-coming, however, is much

saddened by the loss of his uncle, for the late King Humbert took the utmost interest in his nephew's enterprise, and admired the spirit which led the young Duke to strike out a new path for himself among Princes. The Duke is none the worse for the hardships he has undergone, although he still wears a bandage on his left hand over the two fingers which were frost-bitten. Bent on reaching the Pole he means to make another attempt later on and to persevere until the long-looked-for goal is reached. The Duke is going to write a history of his adventures, and therefore reserves his detailed description of the voyage, but from the short accounts already given it is evident that the results of the expedition are considerable, apart from the triumph of reaching a little farther North than Dr. Nansen himself. The Doctor and the Prince met at Christiania and exchanged many compliments. Now the Duke will stay at home for a few weeks to see his relations, and then return to Norway to clear up the final business of his expedition. Had his vessel, the *Stella Polare*, been less damaged by the ice the Duke would have stayed a second winter in the Arctic regions. He discovered several new islands in the Franz Josef Archipelago, two of which he named after Queen Margherita and the Crown Princess Helen.



THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI
Who has just returned from Arctic regions



THE "STELLA POLARE," THE VESSEL IN WHICH THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI MADE HIS ARCTIC EXPLORATION
FROM A SKETCH BY D. M. M. CRICHTON SOMERVILLE

Danishing Members—and Others

By AN OLD PARLIAMENTARY MAN

IN spite of preliminary rumours industriously circulated for past, the General Election has at last come upon us with neither party is quite prepared for it, though the lack of preparation, of course, most apparent on the side of the Liberals. In constituencies Liberal candidates have had to be hastily assembled at the last moment in order to make some kind of a fight. The inadequate preparation will greatly affect the result of the contest as a sporting event. In any case the sporting would not have been very great. The Liberals are so hopelessly disunited among themselves that they cannot possibly make a serious fight. Doubtless in several constituencies they will win their own, and it is even possible that here and there, where conditions are in their favour, they may win a seat. But the broad result there can be no question. A Party divided against itself cannot win.

It may, therefore, be safely assumed that the Parliament which will meet on November 1 will possess a Unionist majority as great as the majority that ruled in the outgoing Parliament. In personal composition, however, the two Parliaments differ considerably. Several well-known members of the outgoing Parliament have already announced their intention of not seeking election. Among these may be first mentioned Sir Thomas Sutherland, who, though better known as a great owner than as a politician, has for many years been a regular attendance at the House of Commons, and has discharged full all the duties of the average member of Parliament. A representative of the very best type of the commercial and industrial element in Parliament, his retirement will be a distinct loss to the House of Commons. Another wealthy Scotchman who is a member is Mr. McEwan, of Edinburgh, who is a brewer as well as a Liberal-Unionist. Of very different type is Sir William Wedderburn. Sir William is one of the most modest and unassuming of men, but his zeal for the many good causes he champions is not sufficiently aided by the art of oratory to make him an attractive advocate. His speeches are apt to be long and uninteresting. Nevertheless, the House of Commons will be the poorer for the loss of a conspicuously honest man, with no axe of office to grind, and with a single-minded enthusiasm for causes that are worthy of the world's politicians neglect. Mr. Harry Marks is also retiring from Parliament.

In the ranks of the Irish members, the most notable loss is the retirement of Mr. Justin McCarthy. It was a courageous act on the part of Mr. McCarthy to take the Leadership of the Nationalist Party when Parnell was driven out, but a stronger man than McCarthy would have failed in the task. He gave of his best to the party, sacrificing both income and inclination in order to work for the hopeless cause. Possibly he received gratitude from the many who worked for; he certainly gained the respect of his opponents. All these members and many others have already formally declared that they mean to retire. In addition rumour is busy with other names, among them that of Mr. Goschen. For some time past it has been apparent that Mr. Goschen has ceased to throw himself into the work of the House of Commons with his old zeal, and the theory has been floated that soon after the new Parliament comes into being he will seek the comparative rest of the House of Lords, while retaining his work in the Admiralty. His election for St. George's Hanover Square, is, in the meantime, a foregone conclusion.

Many of Mr. Goschen's old friends in the days when he was a Liberal would be glad if they could feel so confident of re-

Courtney's fate, or probable fate, is peculiarly unfortunate. About his political career he has suffered from what may not be called a morbid consciousness. In his scrupulous desire to be just, it is his own side which always finds to be wrong. The pity is that Mr. Courtney carry this principle just one step further and bring his mind to the conclusion that he himself may be wrong. It appears improbable that the "one just man" will find in the new Parliament. Bodmin has already rejected him. Neither the Liberal-Unionists nor the Liberals in that constituency have him for their candidate, and there does not seem to be any enthusiasm on the part of other constituencies to make an exception. Everyone will regret the disappearance from political life of Courtney's brilliant intellect and robust honesty, but, after all, there are only two lobbies in the House of Commons, and a man can find himself at home in neither will perhaps do away altogether. Other members who are in danger of losing their seats devotion to the Boers the name of Mr. Lloyd-George has mentioned. Mr. Lloyd-George is one of the most brilliant of members, and one of the few men in the House of Commons whose speeches have a touch of real oratory. Unfortunately he has adopted the pro-Boer creed, and in spite of his great popularity in Wales runs a risk of losing his seat. For the same reason it is possible that Mr. Labouchere, who has so long represented Northampton, may within the next few days receive the notice that he was so anxious, with Mr. Kruger's assistance, to give to "Jo." Mr. Channing runs the same risk. He is neither like Mr. Labouchere, nor eloquent like Mr. Lloyd-George, but he is equally fanatical in his affection for the Boers. His closest counterpart is Dr. Clark, against whom even remote Boers have at last revolted. This devoted ex-agent of the Boer Government is reported to have sworn a solemn oath to sit for Caithness or for nowhere. A still more devoted pro-Boer is Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the apostle of Local Government and the Father of the House of Commons. Towards the end of the last session Sir Wilfrid indicated that he would not seek re-election, but he has apparently since changed his mind and will fight, though his chances of success are admittedly small. The Irish question still hangs like a millstone about the neck of the Liberal Party, and in some English constituencies the Liberal Unionists are threatening to vote for Tories rather than give their support to Liberals whose enthusiasm for Home Rule has cooled. It is even possible that on this account Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the Chief Whip of the Liberal Party, may lose his seat in Leeds. The Irish question shows itself in another aspect across St. George's Channel. In South Dublin Mr. Horace Plunkett's seat is assailed, not by Nationalists, but by Unionists. The story of this attack by Unionists on a Unionist member shows how little attraction the Liberal Unionists have for any section of Irish politicians. Mr. Horace Plunkett has incurred the wrath of his Unionist constituents solely because he dared to appoint a Nationalist to an important office under the new Board of Agriculture. For this terrible sin Irish Unionists are conspiring to expel from Parliament the man who has done more than any other living politician to give practical proof to Irishmen of the value of the Union. Englishmen and Scotchmen, without exception, whether they be Unionists or Home Rulers in Ireland, will feel a sense of hopelessness at such a spectacle of intolerant bigotry. Elsewhere in Ireland few changes are expected. The different Nationalist factions will continue to rage against one another, but as long as Irish Unionists persist in their policy of intolerance they have little chance of winning any seats from their enemies. The Home Rule question will still be with us until there is a change in Ireland itself a party resolute for reform as well as resolute for the Union.

The Late Captain Sir Alfred Jephson

CAPTAIN SIR ALFRED JEPHSON, R.N., whose death was announced last week, was honorary secretary to the Royal Naval Exhibition in 1894. He was born in 1841, educated at Leamington College, and joined the Royal Navy in 1854. He served in the Crimean Campaign, and in China in 1857, and was present at the bombardment of Peking in 1863, where he was wounded and badly burnt. For his services during the operations in the East and Sea and at the assault on the Tientsin blockades at Peking he was highly mentioned in dispatches. To Captain Jephson's organising powers and business capacity much of the success of the Naval Exhibition was due, for his services he received the honour of knighthood. He afterwards acted as Agent-General for the Niger Protectorate, in this capacity he paid a visit to the West Coast of Africa, where he took part in the operations against Chief Nana, and received the general African medal, with Benin River, 1894, clasp. He was for a short time in 1898 assistant-secretary to the Imperial Institute, and as secretary-general of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England, which organisation he was a Knight of Justice, he went on a special mission to Palestine, from which he was, however, obliged to return home through illness. Our photograph is by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.



THE LATE CAPTAIN SIR A. JEPHSON, R.N.
Organiser of the Naval Exhibition

The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

THE two new plays of the present week, including Mr. Cecil Raleigh's romantic drama, entitled *The Price of Peace*, with which DRURY LANE reopened on Thursday evening, come, unfortunately, too late for critical notice in our present number. As regards Mr. Raleigh's play, however, it has long been no secret that it would be one of the most elaborate of those spectacular autumn dramas with which Mr. Arthur Collins has so successfully upheld the traditions of the late Sir Augustus Harris's prosperous management. Sooner or later, no doubt, the supply of localities, and particularly of those London sights capable of realistic and spectacular treatment which are considered indispensable to the success of productions of this class, must, like our coalfields, exhibit signs of approaching exhaustion; but at present it is gratifying to note that there is no symptom of that kind. The opening scene of the *Accident Ward* in St. Thomas's Hospital, in which the lady Nurse receives the unfinished story of the dying patient; the striking set scene showing that fashionable resort, the riverside terrace of the Houses of Parliament at tea-time on a summer's afternoon; the playground of the Ursuline Convent and School in the Marylebone Road; the Carnival at the Niagara Skating Rink; the aristocratic wedding in Westminster Abbey, reminding us a little of Mr. Tebbins's grand scene of the interrupted wedding in *Much Ado About Nothing* at the LYCEUM, and the crowded beach scene at the fashionable sea-side resort, followed by the destruction of the yacht by a collision, and the rescue of certain of the shipwrecked party, will all be found to have furnished favourable opportunities for the Drury Lane scenic artists.

The smoking-in-theatres question, which may be described as a hardy perennial among theatrical topics, is now once more in full blossom. Nearly all the London managers of importance have been invited to state their views on the subject, and most of them have done so. Mr. Arthur Collins "does not advocate smoking in DRURY LANE or any other West End theatre," but he thinks that "the minor theatres, the East End houses, and the smaller suburban theatres should be allowed an option." Mr. Tree "does not believe" that audiences at H.F.R. MAJESTY'S would avail themselves of the privilege if it were granted; Mr. George Alexander entertains the same opinion; and Mr. Penley, Mr. Wilson Barrett, and Mr. Frank Curzon are very emphatically on the same side. The suburban managers, speaking generally, are, on the other hand, in favour of smoking, or at least of leaving the managers free in this regard, and they base their claim on the fact that they are in close competition with the Music Halls, which are now practically allowed to give quasi-dramatic entertainments and yet are not under the restriction in question.

Even among the suburban managers, however, there are exceptions. One instance is very remarkable. It is that of the new BOROUGH Theatre, Stratford—one of the handsomest of the new houses which have sprung up of late in such numbers on the outer fringes of our great city. Mr. Rothesay, the business manager of this house, tells us that his license is granted not by the Lord Chamberlain but by the Corporation of Stratford, and that, as a consequence, the BOROUGH Theatre has always been at liberty to allow smoking if it chose; but, as he says, "We don't choose, as we don't think smoking and the drama would go well together. Moreover (he adds) we think of our lady supporters, who would not care to have their dresses impregnated with the odour of tobacco." Mr. Rothesay's views would clearly be supported by the majority of the West End managers, in whose case it is pretty evident that the removal of the restriction would leave matters precisely where they are.

Four important theatres—all in the Strand, or hard by—are marked out for demolition in order to make way for the new thoroughfare from the Strand to Holborn and other improvements; these are the GAIETY, the OLYMPIC, the OPERA COMIQUE and the GLOBE. The GAIETY will be immediately re-erected on a site close at hand; the others bid fair to disappear and leave no successor. While we are marvelling at the rapid increase in the number of London playhouses in recent years we are apt to forget that there is another side to the account.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S, in Tottenham Street, for ever memorable in stage annals as the fallen and degraded little playhouse which was so suddenly raised by the talents of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft to the first rank, has, for example, long vanished. The QUEEN'S, in Long Acre, which during its brief career gave employment to the talents of many distinguished performers, has, in like manner, ceased to be. To these may be added the HOLBORN, afterwards called the MIRROR and the DUKE'S, which was burnt down in 1880 and never rebuilt. The same fate befell the ALEXANDRA Theatre in Camden Town. Also in the list of vanished theatres are TOOL'S, at Charing Cross, the CITY THEATRE, Norton Folgate, the GARRICK, Goodman's Fields, the ROYAL CONNAUGHT, in Holborn, the THEATRE ROYAL, Westminster, built by Mr. Bonicault on the site of ASTLEY'S CIRCUS, the VICTORIA (originally the COBBOURG), now converted into a lecture and concert hall, and the historical SADLER'S WELLS, which, to the grief of those who cherish the traditions of Mr. Phelps's memorable reign—not to speak of his predecessors, King and Wroughton—has been converted into a music-hall.

Some little differences between Miss Evelyn Millard and the management of the DUKE OF YORK'S Theatre, regarding proposed modifications in the dialogue, has necessitated the postponement of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new comedy, *The Lackey's Carnival*, which was to have been produced on Friday in the present week.

The new romantic drama *From the Front*, with which Mr. William Mollison is preparing to enter upon his season of management at the LYCEUM, is in active rehearsal. The authors, Messrs.

Seymour Hicks and F. G. Latham, have dealt to a considerable extent with incidents of the earlier period of the war in South Africa, but the later acts pass in England. Miss Lily Hanbury will relinquish her part in *English Nell*, at the PRINCE OF WALES'S, to play a leading part in the LYCEUM piece. Also included in the cast are Mr. Mollison, Mr. Leonard Boyne, Mr. Abingdon, Mr. J. H. Barnes, and Miss Fanny Brough.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier has determined to produce Mr. J. M. Barrie's new play at the GARRICK Theatre on Thursday evening next. *The Wedding Guest*, in which Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Dorothea Baird, Mr. H. B. Irving, and Mr. Brandon Thomas have prominent parts, has, I need hardly say, no association with the *Ancient Mariner*. One of its scenes will depict a Scottish Wedding.

If I remember rightly the last appearance of Queen Marie Antoinette on the English stage was some five-and-twenty years ago, when the unhappy Queen was played by Madame Ristori in Signor Giacometti's rather stately play. As our readers know Mrs. Langtry is preparing to impersonate the same historical personage, but this will be in an entirely different piece. As originally written it was a somewhat light production based upon Alexandre Dumas's *Collier de la Reine*, but it has been determined to give it a much wider scope, to which end arrangements have been made with a popular French dramatist to reconstruct and practically re-write the piece. Mrs. Langtry will resume her tour at the COURT Theatre, Liverpool, on Monday evening next.

The new musical piece, which is in due time to follow *Flodora* at the LYRIC Theatre, is the joint production of Mr. Leslie Stuart and the gentleman who adopts the signature of "Owen Hall." The title, if no other should be preferred, will be *The Silver Slipper*. There is, however, for the present, no prospect of a change of bill at this house.

The American company now playing in *The Casino Girl* at the SHAFTESBURY Theatre will give a special morning performance of this latest importation from the American stage to-day in aid of the sufferers by that appalling calamity, the hurricane at Galveston. The company have also opened a subscription list, while the management have promised to present with a diamond, sapphire and ruby brooch the lady who collects the largest sum for this worthy object.

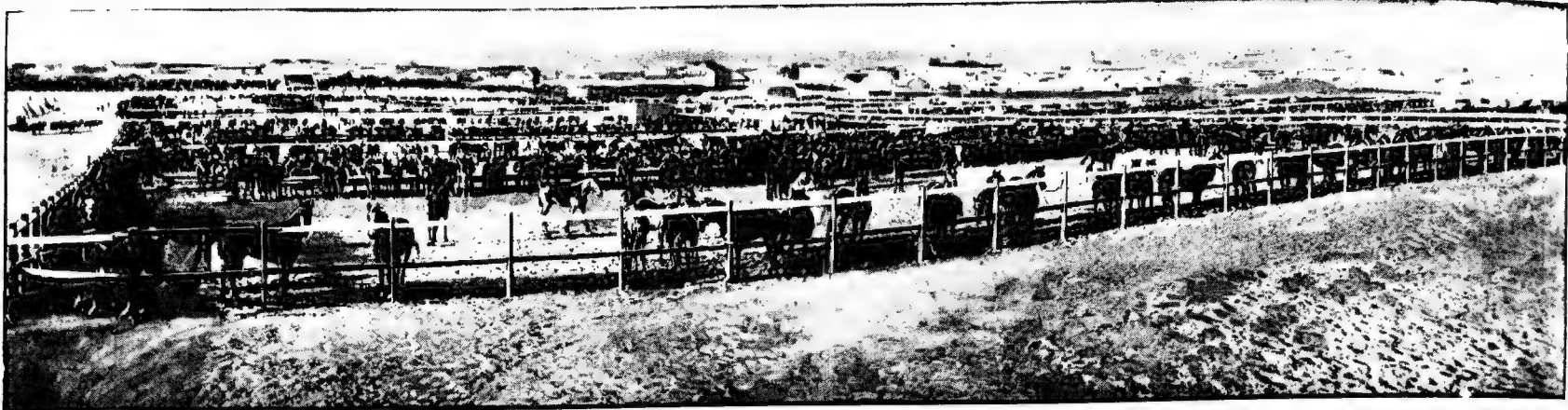
A work of special interest to those who care for books about the drama and the stage is shortly to be published by Messrs. Spottiswoode and Co. under the title of "The Stage in the Year 1900." It will comprise a large number of portraits of our leading actors, actresses, and dramatists, reproduced by photogravure. Mr. Joseph Knight, to whom we are indebted for so many memoirs of players of the past in Messrs. Smith Elder's great Dictionary of National Biography, has supplied the letterpress. Unfortunately the work is not for purchasers with slender purses. It will be printed on fine paper, and issued at the price of ten guineas.

The ambition of our new suburban theatres appears to be boundless. The management of the GRAND Theatre at Fulham propose to produce on Monday, October 8, an entirely new opera entitled, *The Wonder Worker*, with new scenery and costumes. The action of the story is laid in Elizabethan times. The book is by Mr. Edward Cadman; the music by Mr. Albert W. Ketelbey.

The Mohawk Minstrels commenced their winter programme on Monday. The sentimental singing of Mr. Robert Dredge was much appreciated, and not less so the facetious ditties of Johnny Danvers and Little Thomas, the latter being especially amusing in the humorous medley, "Khaki Day and Night." A patriotic song, "Dear Old Bobs," sung by Fred Lyne, was greatly applauded, while the harp solo by John Francis was very well received. The programme includes an entertaining farce entitled "Taking a Pill," in which Wall Scott makes a most fascinating heroine.

The Hereford Festival

THE policy adopted by Dr. Robertson Sinclair, of limiting the members of his chorus to the singers of the Three Choir Cities of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester, was completely successful, from an artistic point of view; and also it is gratifying to find it attracted far bigger audiences than usual. Indeed, the attendance was nearly 1,500 larger than at the previous Festival, and for the first time for some years it exceeded 13,000 people, excluding those at the Evening Service in the Cathedral on Sunday, and at the Chamber Concert in the Shire Hall on Friday. The contributions at first dropped off; but owing, it is understood, to a very heavy cheque received on Friday they eventually were a few shillings above the average. The contributions have, however, nothing whatever to do with the Festival proper, for they go direct to the Charity, whereas the expenses of the Festival have to be defrayed from the sale of tickets; and if, as is almost invariably, there is a deficit, it is the privilege (if not exactly the pleasure) of the stewards to cover it. Indeed, only twice since 1834, that is to say, during a period of nearly seventy years, has there been any sort of surplus, and on each of these two occasions the profit was due to the engagement of Jenny Lind. The ordinary deficit is from 60*l.* to 80*l.* Scant credit is due, of course, to Hereford for this state of things; but, as a matter of fact, the inhabitants of Hereford seem to take little interest in the Festival, merely accepting it in a commercial spirit, and as "bringing money into the town." The Festival is really kept up by the county families, who almost invariably have house parties for the Festival week. Hereford also suffers under the disadvantage that both its Cathedral and its city are much smaller than either Gloucester or Worcester.



This depot was founded on March 23, when Major C. E. W. Wood (North Staffordshire Regiment) and other officers arrived in the transport *Assaye*. The total strength of the depot is five officers and 275 N.C.O.'s and men (made up of reserve men of the 7th and 11th Hussars). Up to the end of July over 25,000 horses had passed through the depot. When Lord Roberts was remounting all his men and rehorsing his

guns and transport, the Depot had a very busy time, a constant stream of horses being poured up to Bloemfontein as fast as trucks could be provided. Shiploads of horses still continue to arrive, and, to see the animals at the Depot, one would think that the war was only just beginning. Our photograph is by J. W. Goldsbrough and Son, Port Elizabeth.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE No. 2 REMOUNT DEPOT, PORT ELIZABETH



"This gun, which is carried by a mule, recently came in very handy," writes a correspondent. A small body of Canadians was closely pressed by a superior number of Boers and took refuge in an empty house. The enemy, thinking they had them trapped, tried to rush the house from in front. The mule, however, was marched in at the back door and the gun was quickly mounted in the kitchen. It was then taken out at the hall door and greeted the Boers rather warmly. They fled, leaving sixteen dead and wounded behind. Our photograph is by Lieutenant E. Blake Knox, R.A.M.C.

THE MAXIM GUN OF STRATHCONA'S HORSE



Colonel Haig, Chief of Staff to General French Capt. Sir John Milbanke, V.C. General French

A CONSULTATION
From a Photograph supplied by Photogetter



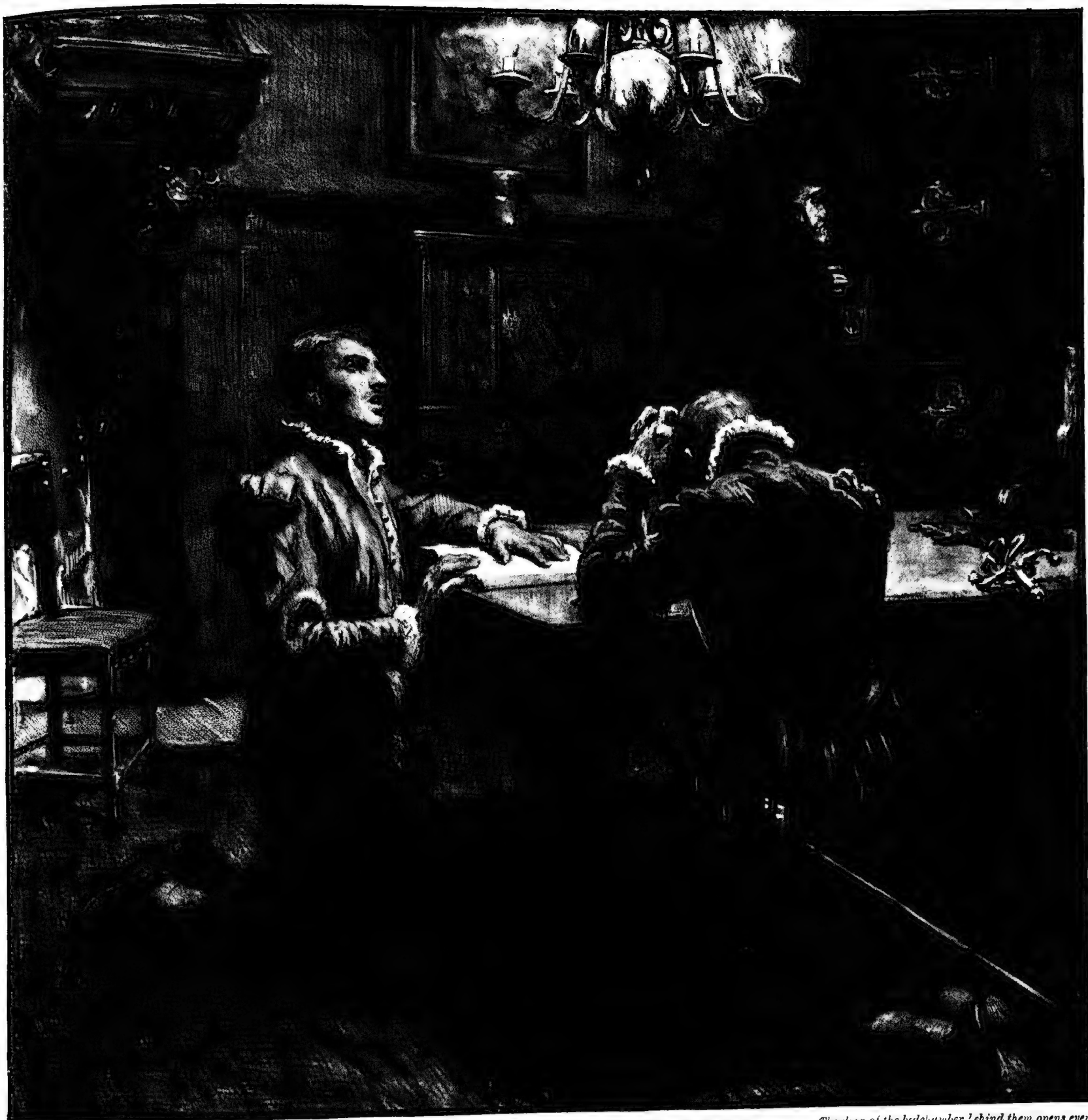
Being short of dynamite the Boers spent much time and energy before the arrival of the British troops at Greylingstad in tearing up the rails and sleepers. How they twisted the line as they did is not known, but it must have been hard work. Before the line could be relaid it was necessary to take the rails off the sleepers, many of the rails being so twisted as to be useless. Our photograph is by Lieutenant E. Blake Knox, R.A.M.C.

THE RAILWAY AT GREYLINGSTAD AS THE BOERS LEFT IT



A WELCOME DRINK: AUSTRALIAN TROOPERS REFRESHING THEMSELVES AT A KAFFIR HUT

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.



"So there, beneath the light of the guttering candles, they knelt side by side while Brant, speaking for both of them, offered up a prayer . . . The door of the bedroom behind them opens ever so little. They do not see it, but between door and lintel something white thrusts itself, a woman's white face crowned with black hair, and set in it two evil, staring eyes."

LYSBETH

A TALE OF THE DUTCH

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by JACOMB-HOOD

CHAPTER V.

THE DREAM OF DIRK



ON the day following Montalvo's interview with Black Meg Dirk received a message from that gentleman, sent to his lodging by an orderly, which reminded him that he had promised to dine with him this very night. Now he had no recollection whatsoever of any such engagement. Remembering with shame, however, that there were various incidents of the evening of the supper whereof his memory was most imperfect, he concluded that this must be one of them. So much against

his own wishes Dirk sent back an answer to say that he would appear at the time and place appointed.

This was the third thing that had happened to annoy him that day. First he had met Pieter van de Werff, who informed him that all Leyden was talking about Lysbeth and the Captain Montalvo, to whom she was said to have taken a great fancy. Next, when he went to call at the house in the Bree Straat, he was told that both Lysbeth and his cousin Clara had gone out sleighing, which he did not believe, for as a thaw had set in the snow was no longer in a condition suitable to that amusement. Moreover, he could almost have sworn that, as he crossed the street, he caught sight of cousin Clara's red face peeping at him from between the curtains of the upstairs sitting-room. Indeed he said as much to Greta, who, contrary to custom, had opened the door to him.

"I am sorry if Mynheer sees visions," answered that young woman imperturbably. "I told Mynheer that the ladies had gone out sleighing."

"I know you did, Greta; but why should they go out sleighing in a wet thaw?"

"I don't know, Mynheer. Ladies do those things that please them. It is not my place to ask their reasons."

Dirk looked at Greta, and was convinced that she was lying. He put his hand in his pocket, to find to his disgust that he had forgotten his purse. Then he thought of giving her a kiss and trying to melt the truth out of her in this fashion, but remembering that if he did, she might tell Lysbeth, which would make matters

worse than ever, refrained. So the end of it was that he merely said, "Oh! indeed," and went away.

"Great soft-head," reflected Greta, as she watched his retreating form. "He knew I was telling lies, why didn't he push past me, or—do anything? Ah! Mynheer Dirk, if you are not careful that Spaniard will take your wind. Well, he is more amusing, that's certain. I am tired of these duck-footed Leydeners, who daren't wink at a donkey lest he should bray, and among such holy folk somebody a little wicked is rather a change." Then Greta, who, it may be remembered, came from Brussels, and had French blood in her veins, went upstairs to make report to her mistress, telling her all that had passed.

"I did not ask you to speak falsehoods as to my being out sleighing and the rest. I told you to answer that I was not at home, and mind you say the same to the Captain Montalvo if he calls," said Lysbeth with some acerbity as she dismissed her.

In truth she was very sore and angry, and yet ashamed of herself because it was so. But things had gone so horribly wrong, and as for Dirk, he was the most exasperating person in the world. It was owing to his bad management and lack of readiness that her name was coupled with Montalvo's at every table in Leyden. And now what did she hear in a note from the Captain himself, sent to make excuses for not having called upon her after the supper party, but that Dirk was going to dine with him that night? Very well, let him do it; she would know how to pay him back, and if necessary was ready to act up to any situation which he had chosen to create.

Thus thought Lysbeth, stamping her foot with vexation, but all the time her heart was sore. All the time she knew well enough that she loved Dirk, and, however strange might be his backwardness in speaking out his mind, that he loved her. And yet she felt as though a river were running between them. In the beginning it had been a streamlet, but now it was growing to a torrent. Worse still, the Spaniard was upon her bank of the river.

After he had to some extent conquered his shyness and irritation Dirk became aware that he was really enjoying his dinner at Montalvo's quarters. There were three guests besides himself, two Spanish officers and a young Netherlander of his own class and age, Brant by name. He was the only son of a noted and very wealthy goldsmith at The Hague, who had sent him to study certain mysteries of the metal worker's art under a Leyden jeweller famous for the exquisite beauty of his designs. The dinner and the service were both of them perfect in style, but better than either proved the conversation, which was of a character that Dirk had never heard at the tables of his own class and people. Not that there was anything even broad about it, as might perhaps have been expected. No; it was the talk of highly accomplished and travelled men of the world, who had seen much and been actors in many moving events; men who were not over-trammelled by prejudices, religious or other, and who were above all things desirous of making themselves agreeable and instructive to the stranger within their gates. The Heer Brant also, who had but just arrived in Leyden, showed himself an able and polished man, one that had been educated more thoroughly than was usual among his class, and who, at the table of his father, the opulent Burgomaster of The Hague, from his youth had associated with all classes and conditions of men. Indeed it was there that he had made the acquaintance of Montalvo, who recognising him in the street had asked him to dinner.

After the dishes had been cleared, one of the Spanish officers rose and begged to be excused, as he had some military duty to attend. When he had saluted his commandant and gone, Montalvo suggested that they should play a game of cards. This was an invitation which Dirk would have liked to decline, but when it came to the point he did not for fear of seeming peculiar in the eyes of these brilliant men of the world.

So they began to play, and as the game was simple very soon he picked up the points of it, and what is more, found them amusing. At first the stakes were not high, but they doubled themselves in some automatic fashion, till Dirk was astonished to find that he was gambling for considerable sums and winning them. Towards the last his luck changed a little, but when the game came to an end he found himself the richer by about three hundred and fifty florins.

"What am I to do with this?" he asked, colouring up as with sighs, which in one instance were genuine enough, the losers pushed the money across to him.

"Do with it?" laughed Montalvo. "Did anybody ever hear such an innocent? Why, buy your lady-love, or somebody else's lady-love, a present. No; I'll tell you a better use than this; you give us to-morrow night at your lodging the best dinner that Leyden can produce, and a chance of winning some of this coin back again. Is it agreed?"

"If the other gentlemen wish it," said Dirk, modestly, "though my apartment is but a poor place for such company."

"Of course we wish it," replied the three as with one voice, and the hour of meeting having been fixed they parted, the Heer Brant walking with Dirk to the door of his lodging.

"I was going to call on you to-morrow," he said, "to bring to you a letter of introduction from my father, though that should scarcely be needed as, in fact, we are cousins—second cousins only, our mothers having been first cousins."

"Oh, yes; Brant of The Hague, of whom my mother used to speak, saying that they were kinsmen to be proud of, although she had met them but little. Well, welcome, cousin; I trust that we shall be friends."

"I am sure of it," answered Brant, and putting his arm through Dirk's he pressed it in a peculiar fashion that caused him to start and look round. "Hush!" muttered Brant, "not here," and they began to talk of their late companions and the game at cards which they had played, an amusement as to the propriety of which Dirk intimated that he had doubts.

Young Brant shrugged his shoulders. "Cousin," he said, "we live in the world, so it is as well to understand the world. If the risking of a few pieces at play, which it will not ruin us to lose, helps us to understand it, well, for my part I am ready to risk them, especially as it puts us on good terms with those who, as things are, it is wise that we should cultivate. Only, cousin, if I may venture to say it, be careful not to take more wine than you can carry with discretion. Better lose a thousand florins than let drop one word that you cannot remember."

"I know, I know," answered Dirk, thinking of Lysbeth's supper, and at the door of his lodgings they parted.

Like most Netherlanders, when Dirk made up his mind to do anything he did it thoroughly. Thus, having undertaken to give a dinner party, he determined to give a good dinner. Under ordinary circumstances his first idea would have been to consult his cousins, Clara and Lysbeth. After that monstrous story about the sleighing, however, which by inquiry from the coachman of the house whom he happened to meet he ascertained to be perfectly false, this, for the young man had some pride, he did not feel inclined to do. So in place of it he talked first to his landlady, a worthy dame, and by her advice afterwards with the first innkeeper of Leyden, a man of resource and experience. The innkeeper, well knowing that this customer would pay for anything which he ordered, threw himself into the affair heartily, with the result that by five o'clock relays of cooks and other attendants were to be seen streaming up Dirk's staircase, carrying every variety of dish that could be supposed to tempt the appetite of high-class cavaliers.

Dirk's apartment consisted of two rooms situated upon the first floor of an old house in a street that had ceased to be fashionable. Once, however, it had been a fine house, and, according to the ideas of the time, the rooms themselves were fine, especially the sitting chamber, which was oak-panelled, low, and spacious, with a handsome fireplace carrying the arms of its builder. Out of it—it had no other doorway—opened his sleeping-room, likewise oak-panelled, with tall cupboards built into the wall, and a magnificent carved bedstead, not unlike the canopy of a tomb in shape and general appearance.

The hour came, and with it the guests. The feast began, the cooks streamed up and down bearing relays of dishes from the inn. Above the table hung a six-armed brass chandelier, and in each of its sockets guttered a tallow candle furnishing light to the company beneath, although outside of its bright ring there was shadow more or less dense. Towards the end of dinner a portion of the rush wick of one of these candles fell into the brass saucer beneath, causing the molten grease to burn up fiercely. As it chanced, by the light of this sudden flare, Montalvo, who was sitting opposite to the door, thought that he caught sight of a tall, dark figure gliding along the wall towards the bedroom. For one instant he saw it, then it was gone.

"*Caramba*, my friend," he said, addressing Dirk, whose back was turned towards the figure, "have you any ghosts in this gloomy old room of yours? Because, if so, I think I have just seen one."

"Ghosts!" answered Dirk, "no, I never heard of any; I do not believe in ghosts. Take some more of that pasty."

Montalvo took some more pasty, and washed it down with a glass of wine. But he said no more about ghosts—perhaps an explanation of the phenomenon had occurred to him; at any rate he determined to leave the subject alone.

After the dinner came the play, and this night the stakes began where those of the previous night left off. For the first hour Dirk lost, then suddenly the luck turned and he won heavily, but almost entirely from Montalvo.

"My friend," said the captain at last, throwing down his cards, "decidedly you are fated to be unfortunate in your matrimonial adventures, for the devil lives in your dice-box, and his highness does not give everything. I pass," and he rose from the table.

"I pass also," said Dirk following him into the window place, for he wished to take no more money. "You have been very unlucky, Count," he said.

"Very, indeed, my young friend," answered Montalvo, yawning; "in fact, for the next six months I must live on—well—well, nothing, except the recollection of your excellent dinner."

"I am sorry," muttered Dirk, confusedly. "I did not wish to take your money; it was the turn of those accursed dice. See here, let us say no more about it."

"Sir," said Montalvo, with a sudden sternness, "an officer and a gentleman cannot treat a debt of honour thus; but," he added with a little laugh, "if another gentleman chances to be good enough to change a debt of honour for a debt of honour, the affair is different. If, for instance, it would suit you to lend me four hundred florins, which, added to the six hundred which I have lost to-night, would make a thousand in all, well, it will be a convenience to me, though should it be any inconvenience to you pray do not think of such a thing."

"Certainly, certainly," answered Dirk. "I have won nearly as much as that, and here at my own table. Take them, I beg of you, captain, and emptying a roll of gold into his hand, he counted it with the skill of a merchant, and held it towards him.

Montalvo hesitated. Then he took the money, pouring it carelessly into his pocket.

"You have not checked the sum," said Dirk.

"My friend, it is needless," answered his guest, "your word is rather better than any bond," and again he yawned, remarking that it was getting late.

Dirk waited a few moments, thinking in his coarse, business-like way that the noble Spaniard might wish to say something about a written acknowledgment. As, however, this did not seem to occur to him, and the matter was not one of ordinary affairs, he led the way back to the table, where the other two were now showing their skill in card tricks.

A few minutes later the two Spaniards took their departure, leaving Dirk and his cousin Brant alone.

"A very successful evening," said Brant, "and cousin, you won a great deal."

"Yes," answered Dirk, "but all the same I am a poorer man than I was yesterday."

Brant laughed. "Did he borrow of you?" he asked. "Well, I thought he would, and what's more, don't you count on that money. Montalvo is a good sort of fellow in his own fashion, but he is an extravagant man, and a desperate gambler, with a queer history, I fancy—at least nobody knows much about him, not even his brother officers. If you ask them they shrug their shoulders and say that Spain is a big kettle full of all sorts of fish. One thing I do know, however, that he is over head and ears in debt; indeed, there was trouble about it down at The Hague. So, cousin, don't you play with him more than you can help, and don't reckon on that thousand florins to pay your bills with. It is a mystery to me how the fellow gets on, but I am told that a foolish old vrouw in Amsterdam lent him a lot till she discovered—but, there, I don't talk scandal. And now," he added, changing his voice, "is this place private?"

"Let's see," said Dirk. "They have cleared the things away, and the old housekeeper has tidied up my bedroom. Yes, I think so. Nobody ever comes up here after ten o'clock. What is it?"

Brant touched his arm, and, understanding the touch, Dirk led the way into the window-place. There, standing with his back to the room, and his hands crossed in a peculiar fashion, he uttered the word, "*Jesus*," and paused. Brant also crossed his hands and answered, or, rather, continued, "*wept*." It was the password of those of the New Religion.

"You are one of us, cousin," said Dirk.

"I and all my house, my father, my mother, my sister, and the maiden whom I am to marry. They told me at The Hague that I must seek of you or the young Heer Pieter van de Werff, knowledge of those things which we of the Faith need to know; who are to be trusted, and who are not to be trusted; where prayer is held, and where we may partake of the pure Sacrament of God the Son."

Dirk took his cousin's hand and pressed it. The pressure was returned, and thenceforward brother could not have trusted brother more completely, for now between them was the bond of a common and burning faith.

Such bonds, the reader may say, tie ninety out of every hundred people to each other in the present year of grace, but it is not to be observed that a like mutual confidence results. No, because the circumstances have changed. Thanks very largely to Dirk van Goorl and his fellows of that day, especially to one

William of Orange, it is no longer necessary for devout fearing people to creep into holes and corners, like fel from the law, that they may worship the Almighty in fashion as pure as it is simple, knowing the while that found so doing their lot and the lot of their wives a will be the torment and the stake. Now the thumb-screw rack as instruments for the discomfiture of heretics are the dusty cases of museums. But some short-generation this was different, for then a man who dared to dissent certain doctrines was treated with less mercy than is a dog on the vivisectionist's table.

Little wonder, therefore, that those who lay under those who were continually walking in the cold shade a dreadful doom, clung to each other, loved each other, comforted each other to the last, passing often enough hand through the fiery gates to that country in which more pain. To be a member of the New Religion in the lands under the awful rule of Charles the Emperor and King was to be one of a vast family. It was not "mistress" or "madame," it was "my father" and "my or "my sister and my brother;" yes, and between were of very different status and almost strangers in strangers in the flesh but brethren in spirit.

It will be understood that in these circumstances Dirk already liking each other, and being already connected were not slow in coming to a complete understanding fellowship.

There they sat in the window-place telling each other families, their hopes and fears, and even of their lady-loves, this, as in every other respect, Hendrik Brant's story was simple prosperity. He was betrothed to a lady of The Hague only daughter of a wealthy wine merchant, who, according account, seemed to be as beautiful as she was good and they were to be married in the spring. But when Dirk of his affair, he shook his wise young head.

"You say that both she and her aunt are Catholics?" he

"Yes, cousin, this is the trouble. I think that she is me, or, at any rate, she was until a few days since," he ruefully. "But how can I, being a 'heretic,' ask her to troth to me unless I tell her? And that, you know, is against rule; indeed, I scarcely dare to do so."

"Had you not best consult with some godly elder who by right and words may move the lady's heart till the light shines on her?" asked Brant.

"Cousin, it has been done, but always there is the other way, that red-nosed Aunt Clara, who is a mad idolator; also, she is the serving-woman, Greta, whom I take for little better than a spy. Therefore, between the two of them I see little chance. Lysbeth will ever hear the truth this side of marriage. And yet how dare I marry her? Is it right that I should marry a heretic, therefore, perhaps, bring her to some dreadful fate, shall I wait for you or me? Moreover, now since this man Montalvo crossed my path, all things seem to have gone wrong between me and Lysbeth; indeed but yesterday her door was shut on me."

"Women have their fancies," answered Brant, slowly; "perhaps he has taken hers; she would not be the first who walked the plank. Or, perhaps, she is vexed with you for not speaking of this; for, man, not knowing what you are, how can she read your mind?"

"Perhaps, perhaps," said Dirk, "but I know not what to do and in his perplexity he struck his forehead with his hand.

"Then, brother, in that case what hinders that we should ask Him who can tell you?" said Brant, calmly.

Dirk understood what he meant at once. "It is a wise thing, and a good one, cousin. I have the Holy Book; first let us read, and then we can seek wisdom there."

"You are rich, indeed," answered Brant; "some time you must tell me how and where you came by it."

"Here in Leyden, if one can afford to pay for them, such books are not hard to get," answered Dirk; "what is hard is to get them safely, for to be found with a Bible in your pocket is to get your own death-warrant."

Brant nodded. "Is it safe to show it here?" he asked.

"As safe as anywhere, cousin. The window is shuttered, the door is, or will be, locked; but who can say that he is safe of the stake in a land where the rats and mice carry news, winds bear witness? Come, I will show you where I keep it, going to the mantelpiece he took down a candlestick, of brass, ornamented on its massive oblong base with two copper and lit the candle. "Do you like the piece?" he asked; "my own design, which I cast and filed out in my spare hours," he gazed at the holder with the affection of an artist. Then waiting for an answer, he led the way to the door of the room and paused.

"What is it?" asked Brant.

"I thought I heard a sound, that is all, but doubtless it was a vrouw moves upon the stairs. Turn the key, cousin, so we can come on."

They entered the sleeping-room, and having glanced round made sure that it was empty, and the window shut, Dirk went to the head of the bed, which was formed of oak-panels, the one carved with a magnificent coat-of-arms, fellow to the fireplace of the sitting-room. At this panel Dirk began work, till presently it slid aside, revealing a hollow, out of which he took a book bound in boards and covered with leather. Having closed the panel, the two young men returned to the room, and placed the volume upon the oak table beneath the chandelier.

"First let us pray," said Brant.

It seems curious, does it not, that two young men, as a first dinner party and a gambling match at which the stakes had been low, young men who like others had their weaknesses, one of them, at any rate, could drink too much wine at times, both being human, doubtless had further sins to bear—shoulds kneeling side by side to offer prayers to their Maker before studied the Scriptures? But then in those strange days of now so common (and so neglected) an exercise, was any luxury. To these poor hunted men and women it was a joy able to kneel and offer thanks and petitions to God, beth themselves to be safe from the sword of those who worshipped the wise. Thus it came about that religion, being forbidden, was

them a very real and earnest thing, a thing to be indulged in at every opportunity with solemn and grateful hearts. So there, with the light of the guttering candles, they knelt side by side, while Brant, speaking for both of them, offered up a prayer—a bit touching enough and in its way beautiful.

The words of his petition do not matter. He prayed for their country; he prayed for their country that it might be made strong; he even prayed for the Emperor, the carnal, hare-lipped, fling-able Hapsburg self-seeker. Then he prayed for themselves—all who were dear to them, and lastly, that light might be shed on Dirk in his present difficulty. No, not quite lastly, he ended with a petition that their enemies might be forgiven, even those who tortured them and burnt them at the stake, as they knew not what they did. It may be wondered whether a human aspirations could have been more thoroughly steeped in a true spirit of Christianity.

When at length he had finished they rose from their knees. "Shall I open the Book at a hazard?" asked Dirk, "and read at my eye falls on?"

"No," answered Brant, "for it savours of superstition; thus did the ancients with the writings of the poet Virgilius, and it is not fitting that we who hold the light should follow the example of our blind heathens. What work of the Book, brother, are you studying now?"

"The first letter of Paul to the Corinthians, which I have never read before," he answered.

"Then begin where you left off, brother, and read your chapter. Perhaps we may find instruction in it; if not, no answer is vouchsafed to us to-night."

So from the black-letter volume before him Dirk began to read the seventh chapter, in which, as it chanced, the great Apostle deals with the marriage state. On he read, in a quiet, even voice, till he came to the twelfth and four following verses, of which the last three run:—"For the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife, and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband: else were your children unclean; but now they are holy. But if the unbelieving depart, let him depart. A brother or a sister is not under bondage in such cases; but God has called us to peace. For what knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband? or how knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save thy wife?"

Dirk's voice trembled, and he paused.

"Continue to the end of the chapter," said Brant, so the reader went on.

There is a sound behind them. They do not hear it, but the door of the bedchamber behind them opens ever so little. They do not see it, but between door and lintel something white thrusts itself, a woman's white face crowned with black hair, and set in it two evil, staring eyes. Surely, when first he raised his head in Eden, Satan might have worn such a countenance as this. It cranes itself forward till the long, thin neck seems to stretch; then suddenly a stir or a movement alarms it, and back the face draws like the crest of a startled snake. Back it draws, and the door closes again.

The chapter is read, the prayer is prayed, and strange may seem the answer to that prayer, an answer to shake out faith from the hearts of men; men who are impatient, who do not know that as the light takes long in travelling from a distant star, so the answer from the Godhead to the supplication of trust may be long in coming. It may not come to-day or to-morrow. It may not come in this generation or this century; the prayer of to-day may receive its crown when the children's children of the lips that uttered it have in their turn vanished in the dust. And yet that Divine reply may in no wise be delayed; even as our liberty of this hour may be the fruit of those who died when Dirk van Goorl and Hendrik Brant walked upon the earth; even as the vengeance that but now is falling on the Spaniard may be the reward of the deeds of shame that he worked upon them and upon their kin long generations gone. For the Godhead is still the Godhead, and the star is still the star; from the one flows justice and from the other light, and to them time and space are naught.

Dirk finished the chapter and closed the Book.

"It seems that you have your answer, brother," said Brant quietly.

"Yes," replied Dirk, "it is written large enough:—'The unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband . . . how knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save thy wife?' Had the Apostle foreseen my case he could not have set the matter forth more clearly."

"He, or the Spirit in him, knew all cases, and wrote for every man that ever shall be born," answered Brant. "This is a lesson to us. Had you looked sooner you would have learned sooner, and mayhap much trouble might have been spared. As it is, without doubt you must make haste and speak to her at once, leaving the rest with God."

"Yes," said Dirk, "so soon as may be. But there is one thing more: ought I to tell her all the truth?"

"I should not be careful to hide it, friend; and now, good-night. No, do not come to the door with me. Who can tell, there may be watchers without, and it is not wise that we should be seen together so late."

When his cousin and new-found friend had gone Dirk sat for a while, till the guttering tallow lights overhead burned to the sockets indeed. Then, taking the candle from the snail-adorned holder, he lit it, and, having extinguished those in the chandeliers, went into his bedroom and undressed himself. The Bible he returned to its hiding-place and closed the panel, after which he blew out the light and climbed into the tall bed.

As a rule Dirk was a most excellent sleeper; when he laid his head on the pillow his eyes closed, nor did they open again until the appointed and accustomed hour. But this night he could not sleep. Whether it was the dinner or the wine, or the gambling, or the prayer and the searching of the Scriptures with his cousin Brant, the result remained the same; he was very wakeful, which annoyed him the more as a man of his race and phlegm found it hard to attribute this unrest to any of these trivial causes. Still, as vexation would not make him sleep, he lay awake watching the moonlight flood the chamber in broad bars and thinking.

Somehow as Dirk thought thus he grew afraid; it seemed to him as though he shared that place with another presence, an evil and malignant presence. Never in his life before had he troubled over or been troubled by tales of spirits, yet now he remembered

Montalvo's remark about a ghost, and of a surety he felt as though one were present there. In this strange and new alarm he sought for comfort and could think of none save that which an old and simple pastor had recommended to him in all hours of doubt and danger, namely, if it could be had, to clasp a Bible to his heart and pray.

Well, both things were easy. Raising himself in bed, in a moment he had taken the Book from its hiding-place and closed the panel. Then pressing it against his breast between himself and the mattress he lay down again, and it would seem that the charm worked, for presently he was asleep.

Yet Dirk dreamed a very evil dream. He dreamed that a tall black figure leaned over him, and that a long white hand was stretched out to his bed-head, where it wandered to and fro, till at last he heard the panel slide home with a rattling noise.

Then it seemed to him that he woke, and that his eyes met two eyes bent down over him, eyes which searched him as though they would read the very secrets of his heart. He did not stir, he could not, but lo! in this dream of his the figure straightened itself and glided away, appearing and disappearing as it crossed the bars of moonlight until it vanished by the door.

A while later and Dirk woke up, indeed, to find that although the night was cold enough the sweat ran in big drops from his face and body. But now, strangely enough, his fear was gone, and, knowing that he had but dreamed a dream, he turned over, touched the Bible on his breast, and fell sleeping like a child, to be awakened only by the light of the rising winter sun pouring on his face.

Then Dirk remembered that dream of the bygone night, and his heart grew heavy, for it seemed to him that this vision of a dark woman searching his face with those dreadful eyes was a portent of evil not far away.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BETROTHAL OF LYSDETH

ON the following morning when Montalvo entered his private room after breakfast, he found a lady awaiting him, in whom, notwithstanding the long cloak and veil she wore, he had little difficulty in recognising Black Meg. In fact Black Meg had been waiting some while, and being a person of industrious habits she had not neglected to use her time to the best advantage.

The reader may remember that when Meg visited the gallant Captain Montalvo upon a previous occasion, she had taken the liberty of helping herself to certain papers which she found lying just inside an unlocked desk. These papers on examination, as she feared might be the case, for the most part proved to be quite unimportant—unpaid accounts, military reports, a billet or two from ladies, and so forth. But in thinking the matter over Black Meg remembered that this desk had another part to it, which seemed to be locked, and, therefore, just in case they should prove useful, she took with her a few skeleton keys and one or two little instruments of steel and waited on her noble patron at an hour when she believed that he would be at breakfast in another room. Things went well; he was at breakfast and she was left alone in the chamber with the desk. The rest may be guessed. Replacing the worthless bundle in the unlocked part, by the aid of her keys and instruments she opened the inner half. There, sure enough, were letters hidden, and in a little drawer two miniatures framed in gold, one of a lady, young and pretty with dark eyes, and the other of two children, a boy and a girl of five or six years of age. Also there was a curling lock of hair labelled in Montalvo's writing—"Juanita's hair, which she gave me as a keepsake."

Here was treasure indeed whereof Black Meg did not fail to possess herself. Thrusting the letters and other articles into the bosom of her dress to be examined at leisure, she was clever enough, before closing and re-locking the desk, to replace them with a dummy bundle, hastily made up from some papers that lay about.

When everything had been satisfactorily arranged she went outside and chatted for a while with the soldier on guard, only re-entering the room by one door as Montalvo appeared in it through the other.

"Well, my friend," he said, "have you the evidence?"

"I have some evidence, Excellency," she answered. "I was present at the dinner that you ate last night, although none of it came my way, and—I was present afterwards."

"Indeed. I thought I saw you slip in, and allow me to congratulate you on that; it was very well thought out, and done just as folk were moving up and down the stairs. Also, when I went home, I believe that I recognised a gentleman in the street whom I have been given to understand you honour with your friendship, a short, stout person with a bald head. Let me see. He was called the Butcher at The Hague, was he not? No, do not pout, I have no wish to pry into the secrets of ladies, but still in my position here it is my business to know a thing or two. Well, what did you see?"

"Excellency, I saw the young man I was sent to watch and Hendrik Brant, the son of the rich goldsmith at The Hague, praying side by side upon their knees."

"That is bad, very bad," said Montalvo, shaking his head, "but —"

"I saw," she went on in her hoarse voice, "the pair of them read the Bible."

"How shocking!" replied Montalvo with a simulated shudder.

"Think of it, my orthodox friend, if you are to be believed, these two persons, hitherto supposed to be respectable, have been discovered in the crime of consulting that work upon which our Faith is founded. Well, those who could read anything so dull must, indeed, as the edicts tell us, be monsters unworthy to live. But, if you please, your proofs. Of course you have this book?"

Then Black Meg poured forth all her tale—how she had watched and seen something, how she had listened and heard little, how she had gone to the secret panel, bending over the sleeping man, and found—nothing.

"You are a poor sort of spy, mother," commented the captain when she had done, "and, upon my soul, I do not believe that even a Papal inquisitor could hang that young fellow on your evidence. You must go back and get some more."

"No," answered Black Meg with decision. "If you want to force your way into conventicles you had best do it yourself. As I wish to go on living here, this is no job for me. I have proved to you that this young man is a heretic, so now give me my reward."

"Your reward? Ah! your reward. No, I think not at present, for a reward presupposes services—and I see none."

Black Meg began to storm.

"Be silent," said Montalvo, dropping his bantering tone.

"Look, I will be frank with you. I do not want to burn anybody. I am sick of all this nonsense about religion, and for aught I care every Netherlander in Leyden may read the Bible until he grows tired. I seek to marry the Jufvrouw Lysbeth van Hout, and to do this I desire to prove that the man whom she loves, Dirk van Goorl, is a heretic. What you have told me may or may not be sufficient for my purpose. It is sufficient you shall be paid liberally after my marriage; if not—well, you have had enough. As for your evidence, for my part I may say that I do not believe a word of it, for were it true you would have brought the Bible."

As he spoke he rang a bell which stood upon a table, and before Meg could answer the soldier appeared.

"Show this good woman out," he said, adding, in a loud voice, "Mother, I will do my best for you and forward your petition to the proper quarter. Meanwhile, take this trifle in charity," and he pressed a florin into her hand. "Now, guard the prisoners, the prisoners. I have no time to waste—and listen—let me be troubled with no more beggars, or you will hear of it."

(To be continued)

New Novels

"THE COURTESY DAME"

EVER since "Wuthering Heights," people who live on Moors have been disposed to take hold of life in the way that other people would call upside-down. There can be no more question of Mr. R. Murray Gilchrist's intimacy with the moorlands of Derbyshire than of Emily Brontë's knowledge of those of Yorkshire; and so we must perforce believe, on the authority of his "The Courtesy Dame" (William Heinemann), that the Peak-folk in the 'fifties, or even later, were subject to an epidemic of cracked brains. There is scarce a character in the story who acts or feels, under any circumstances, as anybody would have acted elsewhere—unless, of course, elsewhere happened to be another set of moors. These premises being accepted and allowed for, the plot of the novel, and its handling, must be pronounced to be of unusual originality and power: that many people will find it unusually unpleasant also must be regarded rather as a warning to those whom it may concern than as critical dispraise. Stated as shortly as possible, it is the story of an elderly, helplessly and hopelessly invalid peer, married and separated from his wife, and of no good repute, who lives in the most purely Platonic relations with a peasant girl whom he has educated into the most beautiful and charming of ladies. Scandal, of course, is busy with Lord Bostern's "Courtesy Dame;" and, that she may have a protector when he is gone, he breaks his own heart by trying to drive her into marriage. She, because it is the will of the man she adores, breaks her heart by consenting; and the result is death together, of mere and sheer heart-break, on the eve of her marriage to Lord Bostern's friend. The originality and power of which we spoke must be sought in the novel itself; and will certainly be found.

"THE WEB OF LIFE"

Mr. Robert Herrick's "The Web of Life" (The Macmillan Company) is the story, in the main, of how unfitted a young surgeon, with high professional views well-nigh Quixotically inconsistent with money-making, found himself for the business of life as understood in Chicago. The story would, no doubt, have been stronger even than it is had Dr. Sommers been altogether of a stronger mould. Some of the worst of his troubles unquestionably came from letting himself be overruled by a lady who, biassed, no doubt, by singularly unfortunate previous experience, insisted upon dispensing with the marriage ceremony as being too much of a self-committal. The chief interest of the novel, however, consists in the author's picture of what society would be where men's solitary idea is to make millions, without the shadow of a notion how to use them, for the benefit of heirs whose only notion of them is to abuse them. The whole sordid atmosphere is brought out into the fuller relief by the psychology of Dr. Sommers—too high-minded to submit, while too weak to contend. How far the indictment calls for a True Bill must be for the conscience of Chicago itself, but not of Chicago alone, to decide.

"THE SHADOW OF QUONG LUNG"

"Of course, the best thing to do with Chinatown would be to burn it down, but the scheme is too Utopian to be discussed in a mere preface," writes Dr. C. W. Doyle concerning his stories of the Chinese quarter of San Francisco (Archibald Constable and Co.). Now, however, that its monster, Quong Lung (graduate of Yale, Barrister of the Middle Temple, director of a murder company, and trafficker in girls), is dead, it may be hoped that the quarter he terrorised is in less need of quite so drastic a remedy. It is not every Chinaman who can fit up an audience chamber with such cunningly arranged electric and mechanical appliances that he can terrify, injure, or kill at pleasure the best armed and least friendly visitor. All the stories are of the fiendish malignity and superhuman ingenuity of Quong Lung, and all are miserably cruel save the last, in which the creature is destroyed by one of his own devices. Dr. Doyle hopes to draw attention to the terrible conditions of life of the slave girls in Chinatown, and he might regard his hope as fulfilled but for the violence of colour which provokes readers to exclaim, "This cannot be" instead of the intended "This shall not be."

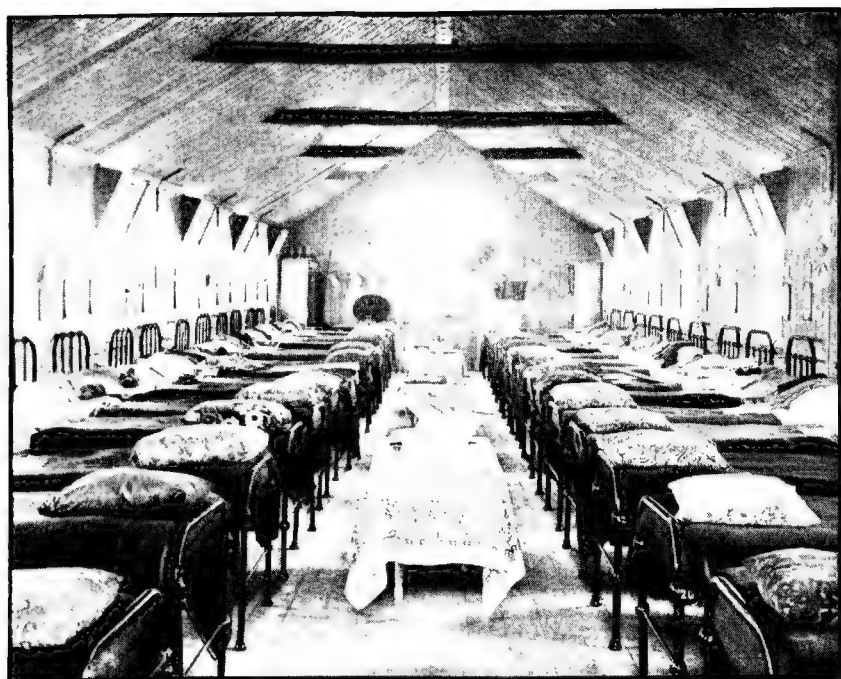
"JUGGLING FORTUNE"

"Juggling Fortune," by T. W. Speight (John Long), is much too long and laboured for its subject, which may be briefly summed up as the discovery by an ambitious but incompetent painter that his true genius lay in the manufacture and sale of pork rolls. The irony of the situation would have lent itself better to the form of a short story than to that of a fully developed novel, requiring, in such a case, a number of unnecessary complications and irrelevant characters. It is moderately amusing, but cannot fairly be said to have carried the promise shown by the author of "The Mysteries of Heron Dyke" any farther forward.

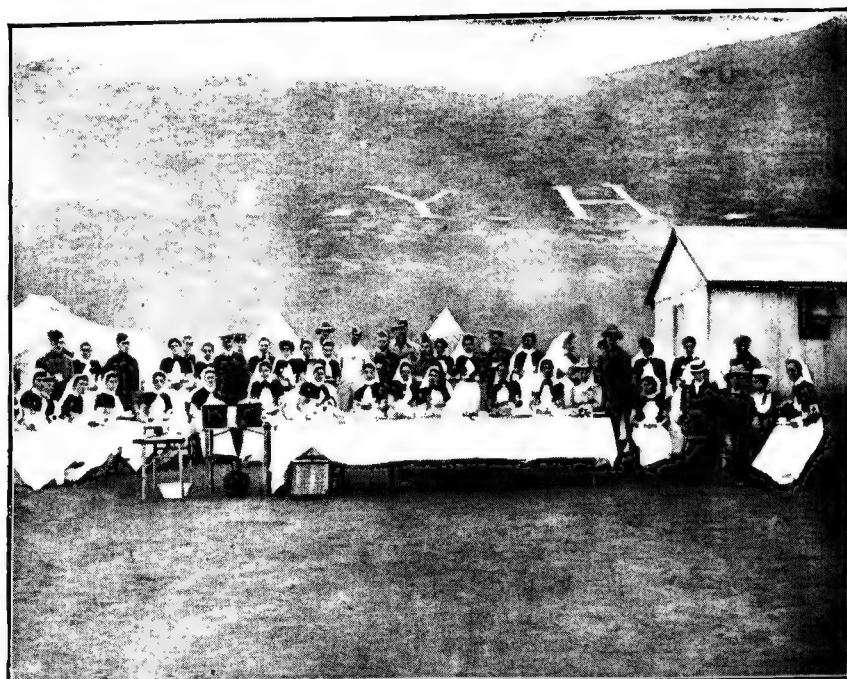




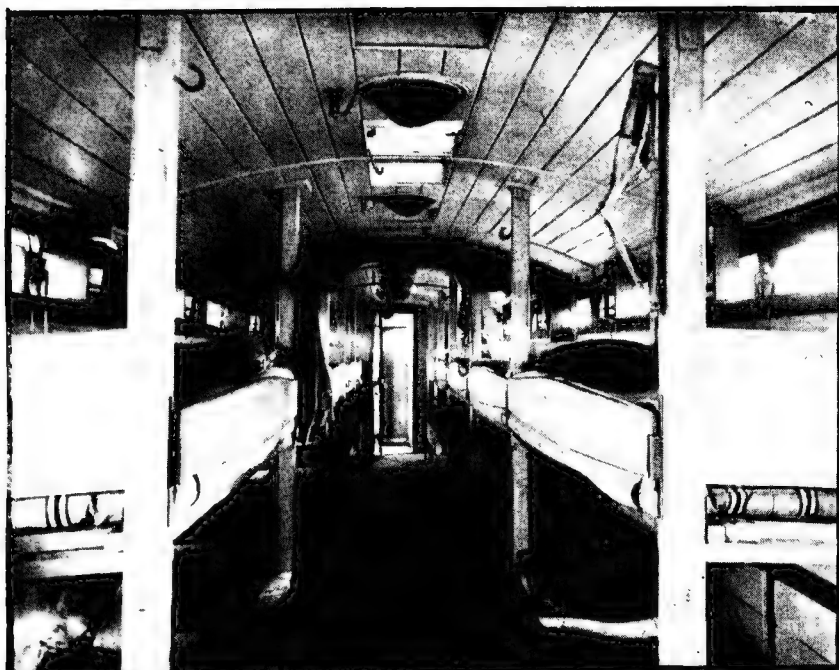
GENERAL VIEW OF THE HOSPITAL



INTERIOR OF YEOMANRY WARD



TEA PARTY ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY



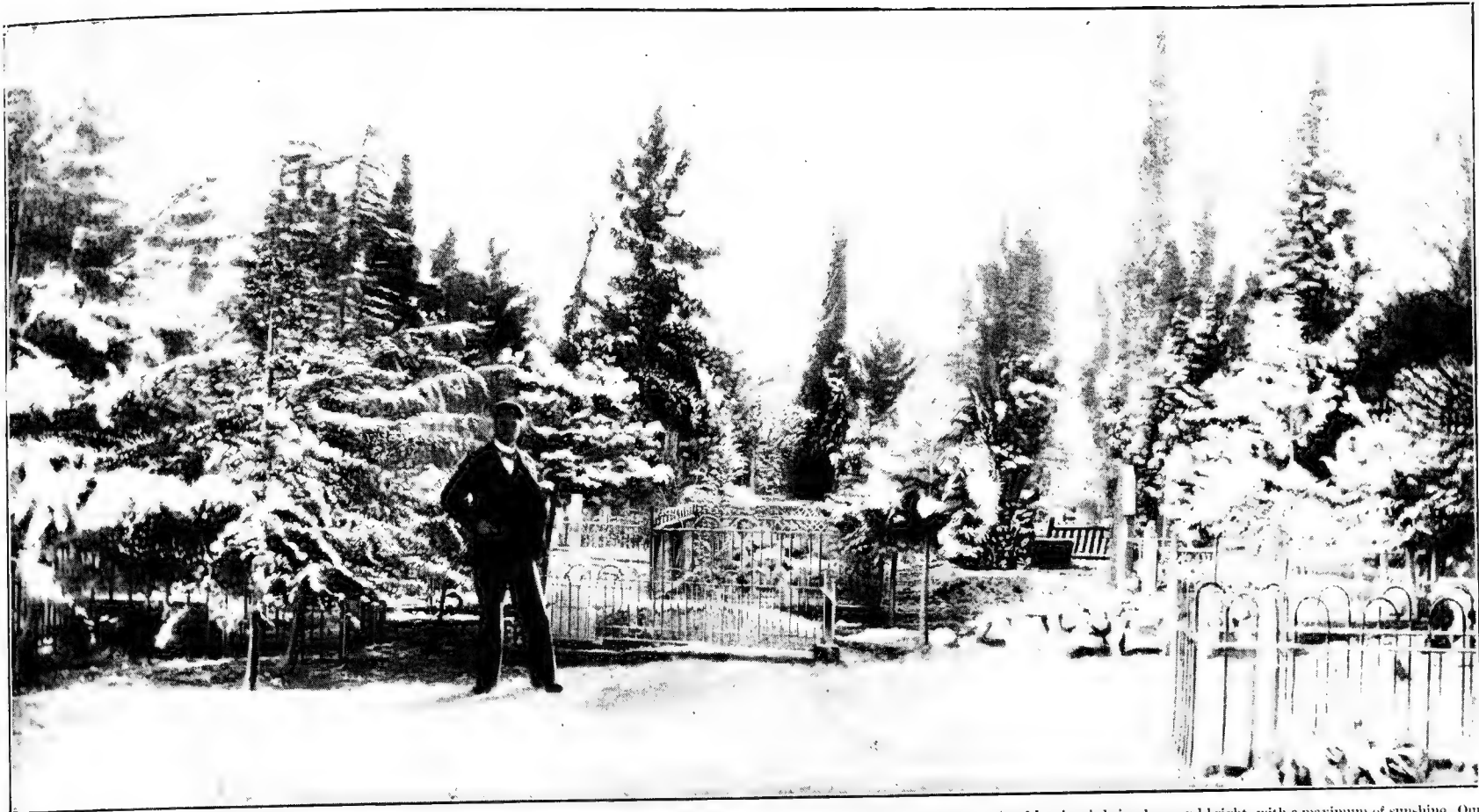
INTERIOR OF NO. 3 HOSPITAL TRAIN



TEMPORARY OPEN-AIR LAUNDRY

A Correspondent writes: "After leaving Kroonstad Hospital the major sent me over to the Yeomanry Detail Camp, where I stayed a few days expecting to be sent up to Pretoria to join the fighting line again. However, for some reason or other they packed some dozen or so down here to Deelfontein, much to our delight. This camp and hospital, you must understand, is organised especially for the Yeomanry, and splendidly it has been carried out, everything is tip top, the grub particularly. My diet sheet for to-day consists of:—Breakfast: Porridge, coffee, bread, butter, and jam. Lunch: Mellin's food or Benger's food, and 4 oz. of port wine. Dinner: Chicken (tinned), potatoes, rice pudding, bread, &c. At 4: Extras, beef

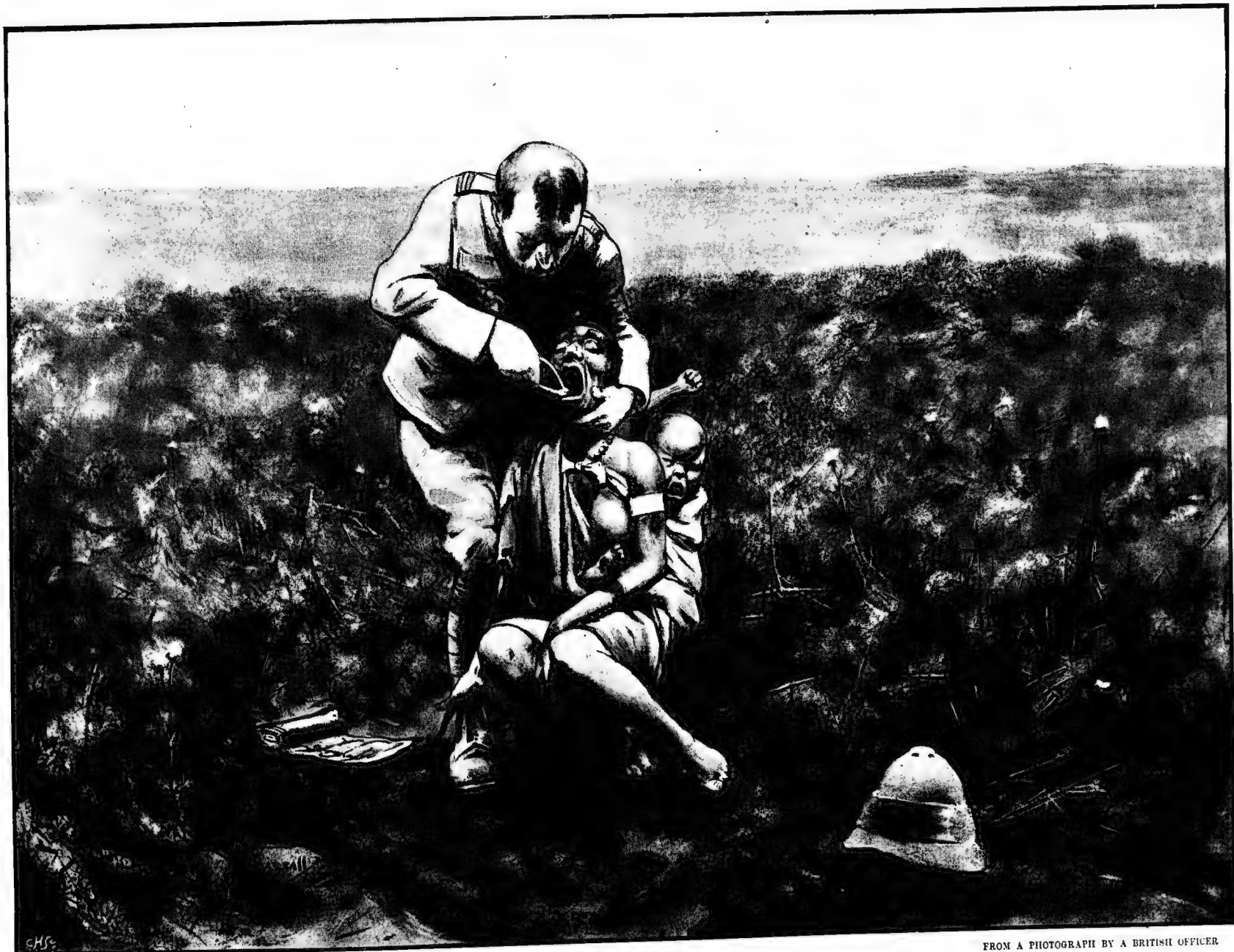
tea, milk pudding. Tea: Tea, toast, butter, and jam. Supper: Soup mince, arrowroot, and milk pudding. Besides which we have a big jug of fresh milk, a can of condensed milk, a tin of cocoa and another of Benger's food, together with soda water and lime juice, given out to the tent daily. Every tent is supplied with a small oil stove on which we cook our extras. Lady Chesham comes round every other day with tobacco, cigarettes, cigars (all good quality), daily papers, note paper, &c. For recreation there is a well-stocked library, cricket, football, concerts. Every evening church service. You would scarcely believe the amount of flesh I have put on within the last seven days"



Snow is not generally associated in our minds with South Africa, but the extremes of climate are accentuated in the Northern Karoo, where the summer heats and the frosts in the winter are equally severe. Colesberg is 4,400 feet above sea-level, and though it is sometimes visited with a heavy fall of snow,

the winter days there are very enjoyable, the air being keen and bright, with a maximum of sunshine. Our photograph is by Mrs. Elise Watts

A WINTRY SCENE IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE BURIAL GROUND AT COLESBERG COVERED WITH SNOW



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

DRAWN BY J. HASSALL

A Correspondent writes:—"The Royal Army Medical Corps has come in for some strong abuse lately, and it is pleasant to be able to say that we do not think they deserve it all. Not only are the officers of the corps unremitting in their duties to the sick and wounded, but they are found in their leisure

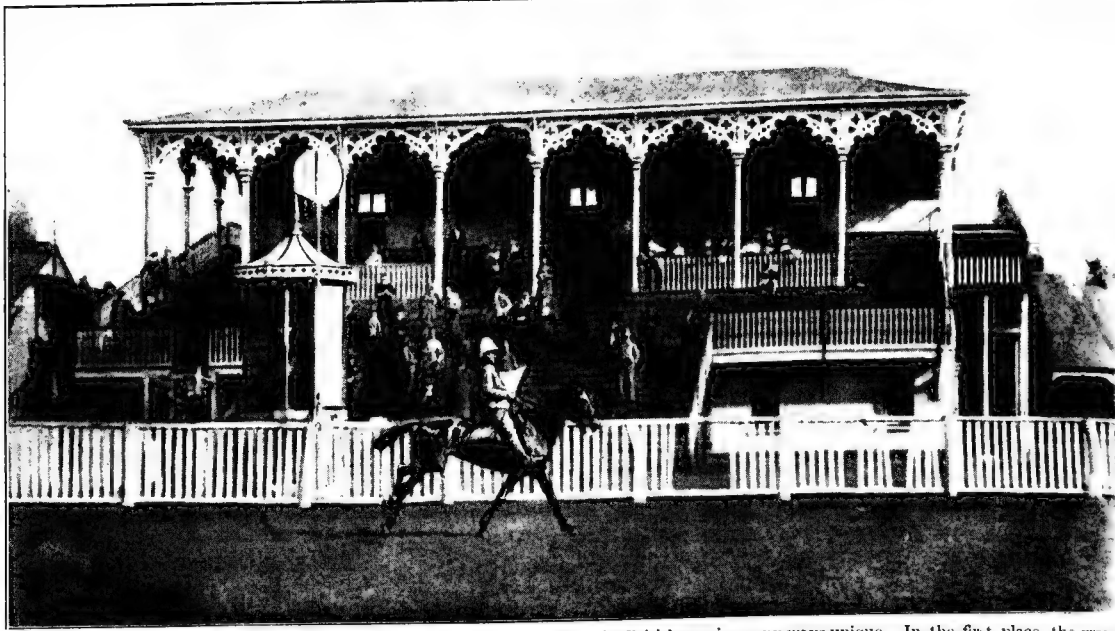
attending to Kaffirs. The other day a Kaffir woman suffering from toothache appealed to one of the surgeons for relief, and the tooth was extracted in circumstances and surroundings irresistibly comic"

DENTISTRY ON THE VELDT: UNOFFICIAL DUTIES OF AN OFFICER IN THE R.A.M.C.



In this photograph which is supplied to us by Photogetter, London, Consul Hay is shown standing on the steps

THE AMERICAN CONSULATE AT PRETORIA



The first meeting on the Johannesburg racecourse since its occupation by the British was in many ways unique. In the first place, the grandstand looked deserted, there being only a mere handful of spectators. In the first race the starter, when he had started the horses, mounted joined the race, and won hands down. He is shown in the photograph with his starting flag in his hand

A REMARKABLE RACE MEETING

Prisoners of War

LORD ROBERTS'S despatch, covering a report from Lieutenant-Colonel Hunt, R.F.A., on the treatment of British prisoners at Pretoria by the Boers, bears out the general accuracy of the accounts which have from time to time been published in this country. The treatment of the officers of the regular forces who were captured by the Boers appears to have been fairly good. On the other hand, the Court of Inquiry report that the treatment of some of the Colonial prisoners was severe and unjustifiable, inasmuch as they were thrown into a common gaol, and not treated as ordinary

prisoners of war. Lord Roberts adds that British subjects residing in the Transvaal were similarly treated because they refused to take an oath of allegiance to the South African Republic.

The food of the non-commissioned officers and men is shown to have been quite inadequate in quantity and inferior in quality. There was no excuse for this, as supplies of excellent meat, bread, and vegetables are easily procurable in the Transvaal at a moderate price. Attention is also drawn to the fact that religious ministrations were very sparingly granted. One of the worst indictments against the Boer Government is that passage in the report which refers to the inhuman treatment of sick prisoners. The Boer authorities must

have been aware that proper hospital accommodation and equipment had not been provided, that suitable food and medical comforts were not forthcoming, and that the supply of medicines and medical appliances was wholly insufficient. That the deficiencies referred to in the correspondence were to some extent made good by the exertions and liberality of private individuals does not exonerate the Government of the South African Republic from its responsibility in this matter. The indifference which was shown to the sufferings of the sick among the British prisoners is the more inexcusable when it is remembered that the sick among the Boer prisoners have invariably received the same care and attention as our own sick soldiers.



DRAWN BY F. J. WAUGH

While much is being said about the manner in which British prisoners have been treated by the Boers, it is pleasant to be able to record an act of kindness done by Boer women to some of our prisoners on their arrival at Pretoria. A wounded Australian trooper, who had been captured and perhaps looked fatigued

after his journey to Pretoria, was brought a cup of coffee by a cheery-looking vrouw, and this incident which was photographed is by no means a solitary instance of kindness shown to prisoners by Boer women

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY PHOTOGETTER

WOMEN WILL BE WOMEN: A KINDLY ATTENTION TO WOUNDED BRITISH PRISONERS



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAJOR J. FORTUNE NOTT

One of the sights to be seen in Naples is the macaroni eaters. These are men and boys who hang about or lie around the street cooking spaces where this Neapolitan delicacy of the macaroni is being boiled or stewed. Any chance passerby who cares to spend a few coppers in treating the crowd hands it to the cooks. They at once proceed to dole out handfuls of the hot macaroni are quickly seized from the plates, and attempts made to eat it in so rapid a manner, to prevent it being snatched away, that it seems extraordinary that fits of choking do not ensue.

THE MACARONI EATERS: A STREET SCENE IN NAPLES

DRAWN BY A. E. SALMON

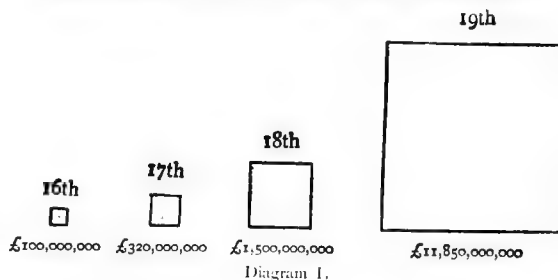
THE GROWTH OF WEALTH IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

By HAROLD COX

Of the many remarkable features of the passing century none is more impressive by its simple magnitude than the growth of the nation's wealth. To get an accurate statistical measure of this growth is by no means easy, but it may safely be stated that the addition to the wealth of the United Kingdom during the century is not less than 12,000,000,000/. It is difficult to fully appreciate what such a figure means. Roughly, it represents twenty times our national debt, a hundred times our national revenue, more than twelve times the value of all the railways in the Kingdom and more than twice the capital value of all the land and houses. The figure is stupendous.

In order to begin to understand it we must look back to previous centuries to see whether in an equal period of time anything like the same increase of wealth was realised. We are at once met with a negative. Taking the eighteenth century and utilising such rough materials as exist for forming an approximate guess at the wealth of the country, we find that though wealth then grew rapidly, the growth cannot fairly be put at much more than a tenth of that realised in the nineteenth century. In the seventeenth century there was also, in spite of the civil war, a large growth of wealth, but it was probably not more than one fiftieth of the growth that our own century can claim. The approximate figures will be seen attached

THE WEALTH OF ENGLAND AT THE END OF THE PAST FOUR CENTURIES



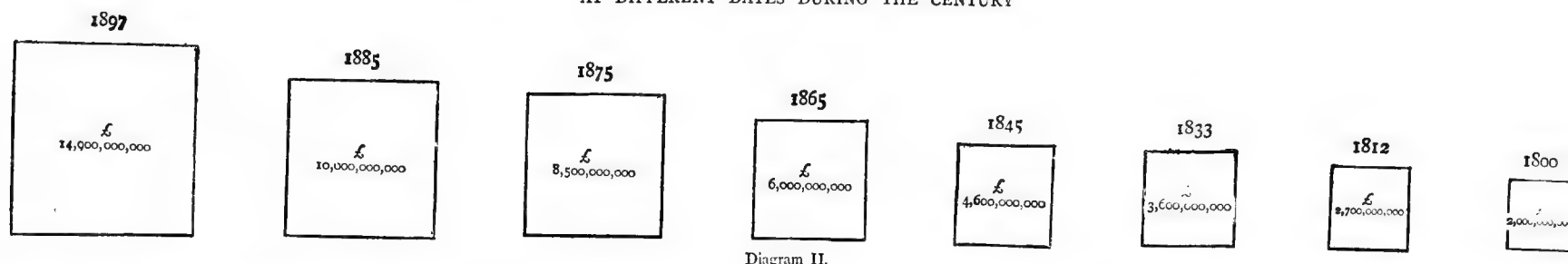
growth of wealth in Scotland and Ireland to the growth in England the whole may fairly be reckoned at 12,000,000,000/.

The broad fact then which we have to explain is the enormous increase which the present century has shown as compared with its predecessors. The explanation is not far to seek. The increase is due to the marvellous development of our manufacturing industries.

agriculture was fashionable. Noblemen vied with one in making agricultural experiments and in improving estates. They thought more about introducing new and new grasses, or improving the breed of sheep and than they did about the amusements of a London season. The same time large areas of land that had been cultivated on the semi-communitic and wasteful "open" system were enclosed and divided into separate farms. Other important developments of the eighteenth century may fairly be regarded as a preparation for the century to come. Towards the latter end of the century several of the world were invented in rapid succession, but it was only gr that they were brought into use. Towards the end of the century began the great improvement of highways and the of canals. But in the case of each of these brilliant develop the greater part of the profit accrued to the century that suc At the beginning of the nineteenth century England was agricultural country—still a frequent seller and a rare bu wheat—and she was only just beginning to utilise the vello inventions of Arkwright and Watt, the engineering tri of Telford, and the immense stores of mineral wealth

THE CAPITALISED WEALTH OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

AT DIFFERENT DATES DURING THE CENTURY



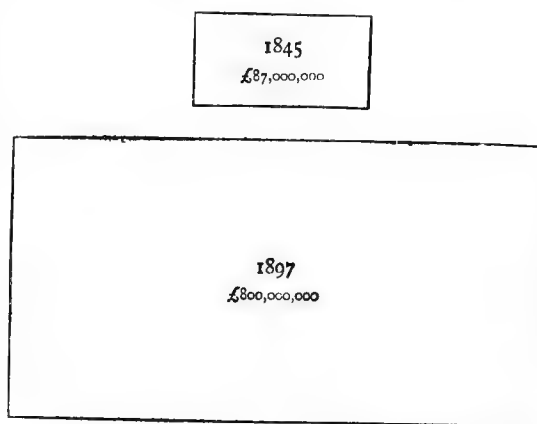
to Diagram I., but it must be premised that these figures only profess to be careful guesses. Even at the present time, with all the elaborate statistics that are annually collected for revenue and other purposes, it is impossible to give more than a very rough estimate of the totality of the wealth of the nation, and the difficulty of estimating must have been considerably greater in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, or the early years of William and Mary. On the other hand early investigators had this advantage, that the range of items to be considered was comparatively very small. Throughout the seventeenth century the great bulk of the wealth of England lay in agriculture, and provided the approximate rental of the land could be ascertained, a fair guess could be made at the total wealth of the country. Proceeding on these lines a "British Merchant," writing about 1712, made a calculation that the wealth of England a century earlier was about 100,000,000/. Working on a similar basis Sir William Petty puts the wealth of England in 1679 at 250,000,000/. Two other writers, Gregory King and Davenant, a few years later, made the figure come out to 320,000,000/. In discussing these estimates in his treatise on the "Growth of Capital," Sir Robert Giffen gives reasons for accepting the latter figure. But the point is of no great importance. The sole value of the figures lies in this, that they indicate that, tested by such rough means as were then available, writers at the end of the seventeenth century estimated the growth of wealth in England during that century at about 200,000,000/.

In the same way, when we come to the eighteenth century, without troubling about the actual figures suggested by this person or by that, we get a reasonably reliable indication that the growth of wealth in England during the century was about 1,000,000,000/. In the nineteenth century, dealing still with England only, we find that growth to be about 10,000,000,000/. The figures for the United Kingdom as a whole, so far as they are available, do not appreciably affect these general comparisons, but when we add the

As has already been pointed out England in the seventeenth century was an agricultural country, and, broadly speaking, that condition continued throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century.

GROWTH OF RAILWAY CAPITAL IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

APPROXIMATE REAL CAPITAL AFTER DEDUCTING
WATERED STOCK



As between the two centuries, however, there was one great difference, that while in the seventeenth century agriculture progressed very slowly, in the eighteenth century it made immense strides. Throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century

beneath her soil. If we turn back to contemporary estimates of the wealth of the country at the beginning of the nineteenth century we find that the first point considered is the rent of agricultural land. To-day it would be one of the last. Incidentally it is worth while to notice the extent to which the nation at the beginning of the century was dependent for its food upon vicissitudes of the variable climate of our little island. Here is a table of the average prices of wheat for the five years nearest to beginning of the century:—

Average Price of Wheat.

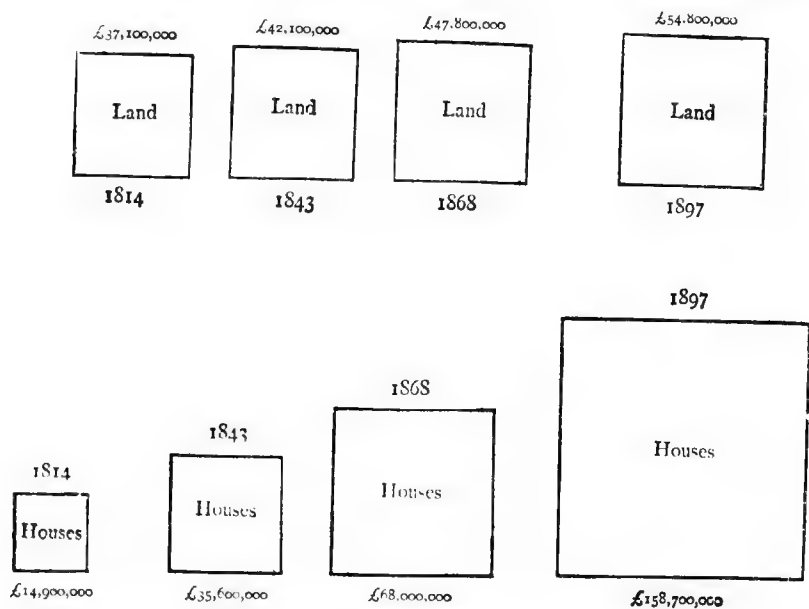
	s.	d.	per qr.
1798	50	4	
1799	65	11	"
1800	110	5	"
1801	115	11	"
1802	67	9	"

This table by itself shows a fluctuation of prices greater than any which the country has had recent experience. But these prices, on average, obscure some of the most remarkable fluctuations. In the year 1801, when the average price for the whole year worked out to the enormous figure of 115s. 11d., the realised prices fluctuated from a minimum of 70s. 8d. to a maximum of 154s. What such figures meant in suffering and positive famine to a working-class population we can only dimly picture. So thoroughly conscious was the nation then of the misery inflicted by these high prices and yet so impotent to prevent them, that, in 1795, at a year of deficient harvest, we find members of both Houses of Parliament entering into an undertaking to reduce their household consumption of bread and flour, so that more might be left for the poor, while at the same time bounties were voted to encourage importation of wheat.

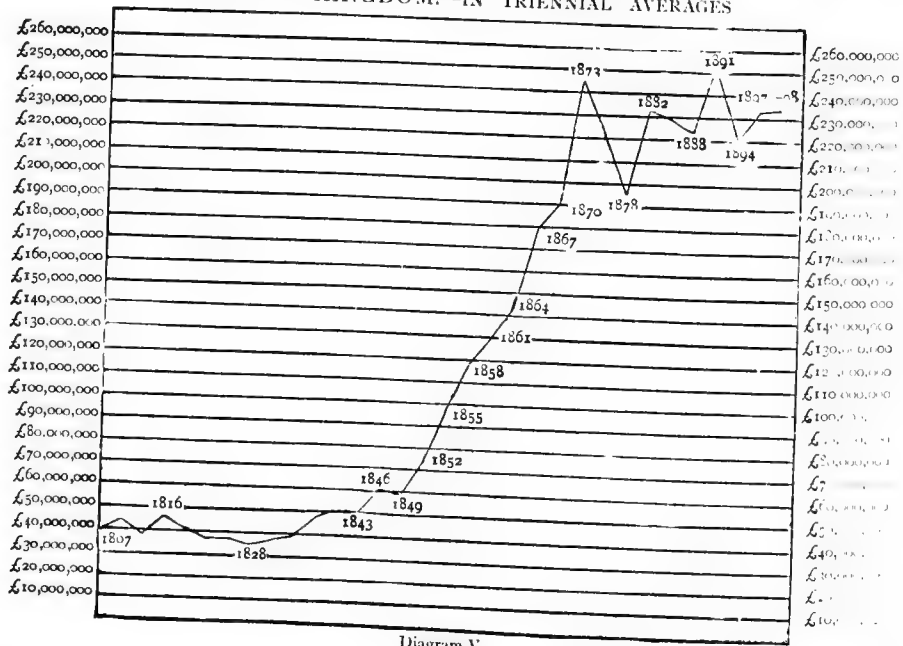
Another point of primary importance in any question as to the wealth of the country at the beginning of the century is the effect of the great war on prices. At the outset this effect does not seem

* [This Article forms one of the series, "Through the Nineteenth Century."]]

GROWTH IN THE ANNUAL VALUE OF LAND AND HOUSES



EXPORTS OF THE PRODUCE AND MANUFACTURES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.—IN TRIENNIAL AVERAGES



have been very great. The country was in a condition of prosperity when the war began, and easily bore the national expenditure that had to be met. But as the war on the great destruction of material, and the military demand for stores, sent up prices of nearly all commodities, including wheat. The price of land rose in sympathy. In Essex that in 1790 let at 10s. an acre, in 1812 let at 45s. and 50s. In Berkshire and Wiltshire, rents of 14s. in 1790 rose to 70s. in 1810, and in Staffordshire the same period there was a rise on particular farms from 25s. per acre. Taking these facts in mind, the reader may turn to Diagram IV., and see the growth in the annual value of land between 1814 and 1897. He will see that, although agricultural land had at the beginning of the period an immensely inflated value, and although immense quantities of agricultural land have since been covered with houses and other buildings, the statistical category of "land," and although the value of wheat is now barely a quarter of what it then was, yet on the whole the annual value of land has enormously increased. This is of very great importance, for it shows that the development of manufacturing industries, which the landowning classes used to view with some jealousy, has not only multiplied a hundredfold, or a thousandfold, the value of the agricultural land absorbed into them, but has also added to the value of the land still left for tillage, pasture, for market gardens or parks. Taking the low figure of 1814 as the basis of reckoning, we may put the value of this addition to the value of land during the century at less than 500,000,000l. It, then, is the first, though the least expected, item in the great increase of national wealth during the nineteenth century. The next

and sewers that have been constructed by local authorities, the marvellous multiplication of machines for every conceivable purpose, and the increased stores of furniture and personal and household articles of every description—articles created not merely to provide for the wants of a population more than doubled in numbers, but to meet the higher standard of living and refinement in every class of the community. The monetary value of these great categories of property can only be guessed at, and it would be profitless to set down the detailed guesses. Lastly, in addition to these tangible forms of property, there is the immense floating capital invested in joint-stock companies, in private trade and in investments abroad. If we estimate the second item at 1,000,000,000l., and the first at double that figure, we shall probably be within the mark. Foreign and colonial investments are difficult to estimate, for many of them notoriously escape the Income Tax returns. An attempt to calculate what they should amount to on lines suggested by Sir Robert Giffen brings out the total to about 2,000,000,000l. These items sufficiently indicate the sources from which the total increase of 12,000,000,000l. is derived.

That actual figure is, however, obtained by a somewhat different process, namely, by utilising, as far as they go, the Income Tax returns, and then reckoning that each branch of income is represented by capital valued at so many years' purchase of the income. This is the method that has been adopted by successive statisticians, and the results are given in Diagram II. The figures for 1865, 1875, and 1885 are due to Sir Robert Giffen; those of 1897 have been worked out on the general principles adopted by him. It is unnecessary to trouble the reader with the details or with the arithmetic. The final totals speak for themselves.

In looking for the ultimate origin of this immense addition to the

these measures undoubtedly saved the artisan classes from a permanent weakening of physique and degradation of type, and enabled the great class of manual workers to become not only better instruments for earning wealth, but also better customers for the wealth their comrades created. It is almost superfluous to point out that the permanent prosperity of a country must depend on the general diffusion of wealth among the masses of the community, and the most satisfactory feature of the great growth of national wealth during the century is the manner in which the working classes have claimed and secured a very large share in the general prosperity. It is undoubtedly true that during the century the rich have grown richer; it is equally beyond doubt that the poor have begun to grow rich, and the poorest less poor.

The "Monthly Review"

THE *Monthly Review*, which made its first appearance last Wednesday, issuing from the famous publishing house of John Murray, appeals at once to the eye before a page of it is cut or turned. The cover has the sedate and sensible look of those of the old-time magazines—a plain blue wrapper with handsome lettering, and an oval medallion of the Goddess of Wisdom, all in black. The type and paper inside are simply perfect; the type is large, the margins are wide, the binding is stitched; there is no necessity to break the back of the *Monthly Review* to be able to read it, and when it is laid open on a table it lies flat. All these are matters of importance in a magazine of the quality of the *Monthly Review*. Mr. Henry Newbolt, the editor, presents us with an



DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM A SKETCH BY AGNES M. JOHNSTON

Sir William Stokes died on August 18, after a very short illness. The funeral took place on August 20. A firing party of 300 men led the procession, their rifles reversed. The coffin was placed on a gun-carriage, and beside it walked the pall-bearers. They were officers of senior rank in the R.A.M.C. After came all the medical officers, followed by other officers of the garrison. The officer in the kilt is Captain Meiklejohn, V.C., A.D.C. to the Governor. His red coat was, with the Union Jack, the only bit of colour in the whole scene. Captain Meiklejohn lost an arm at Elands Laagte. Our illustration represents

the procession passing through part of the hospital, Fort Napier, where Sir William Stokes had worked with such skill and kindness up to within a day or two of his death. The group in the background was composed of patients, who saluted the coffin as it passed. Sir William Stokes was on the eve of starting for home, his work being finished. A farewell concert was given at the hospital so that the convalescents might say "Good-bye" to him. It took place on the Tuesday before his death, and he was able to come to it.

THE FUNERAL OF SIR WILLIAM STOKES AT PIETERMARITZBURG

and more promptly intelligible item is the growth in the value of houses. The figures given in Diagram IV. show a growth in annual value of about 144,000,000l. since 1814, which, at eighteen years' purchase, works out to over 2,500,000,000l., and as there was certainly a good deal of house-building during the first fourteen years of the century this may be taken as a very moderate estimate of the growth for the whole century. Thus, on land and houses alone we have an addition of at least 3,000,000,000l. to the wealth of the country.

A third item which can be reckoned with considerable accuracy is the item of railways. The whole of the railway capital of the country is the creation of the present century. According to the returns of the Board of Trade it now amounts to 1,050,000,000l., but a good deal of this is only a paper capital, generally known as "water." Making a liberal allowance on this account we may put the genuine value of the railways of the kingdom at not less than 800,000,000l. (See Diagram III.) Tramways again are a novelty of the nineteenth century, and they are now worth about 14,000,000l. Gas-works are another novelty, and though water-works were known even in the seventeenth century, their extensive development is entirely modern. Taking the Income Tax returns as a basis, we may safely infer that the additional wealth attributable to gas and water works has a capital value of not less than 250,000,000l. The value of electric lighting concerns and of the electric telegraphs in the hands of the Government may be roughly estimated at 50,000,000l.

Next we have the enormous increase of our mercantile marine and the corresponding increase in docks and harbours and light-houses. We have the thousands of miles of new roads and streets

wealth of our little group of islands we find two main causes—first, the development of mechanical inventions, and secondly, the liberating of industry from unnecessary restrictions. Both processes began in the last century. The outlines of our modern machinery were broadly sketched in the prosperous years that preceded the great war with France, and simultaneously the power of the old guilds with their antiquated rules began to give way. Had it not been for the war a further great liberation of industry would probably have been realised, for Pitt was thoroughly convinced of the advantages of free trade to a manufacturing country and had planned a sweeping reduction of duties. The war threw back this and many other reforms, and nearly half a century elapsed before Peel was able to consummate the great free trade reforms that Pitt had designed. The effect of these reforms was striking and immediate. As long as the food of our people and the raw materials of our industries were heavily taxed, and as long as countless fiscal obstacles were placed in the way of almost every foreign purchase, so long was it difficult for our manufacturers to find a market for the products of their new machinery. The way in which our export trade leapt up immediately after the great reductions of import duties is clearly indicated in Diagram V.

But the great war not only retarded fiscal reform, it also reduced large sections of the working classes to a condition of misery which appreciably retarded the general growth of wealth, and we may, therefore, safely class among the measures which have most contributed to the wealth of the country, first, the Act of 1825, which permitted workmen to combine for the defence of their common interests, and, secondly, the successive Factory Acts. Together

interesting series of articles in his first number. The first three are editorial articles, written with a brilliancy which reminds one of the old days of the *Fortnightly*, before Mr. John Morley took to active politics. At the head of the contributed articles stands one by no less a personage than the Amir of Afghanistan, giving details of his daily life—and very curious and interesting details they are. "There is a saying," remarks His Highness, "that the cat does not dream about anything but mice. I dream of nothing but the backward condition of our country and how to defend it, seeing that this poor goat Afghanistan is a victim at which a lion from one side and a terrible bear from the other side are staring and ready to swallow at the first opportunity afforded them." The war finds a place in the *Monthly Review*. Mr. A. A. Bowlby, the senior surgeon to the Portland Hospital, writes upon his surgical experiences. The unpleasant result of them is that "medical service in the Army is so unpopular that hardly anyone thinks it worth while to join it, and that it is quite impossible to attract a sufficient number of men of any kind, let alone attracting the best." Mr. Spencer Wilkinson has some interesting pages on the "Puzzles of the War." An illustrated article by Mr. R. E. Fry, "Art before Giotto," is a novel feature in a magazine of the type of the *Monthly Review*, and a most acceptable one. Mr. Fry's article is the first of a series on Florentine painting. The Editor himself contributes a fine Ode for the inauguration of Gordon College, Khartoum. Professor H. H. Turner, Lieutenant C. Bellairs, R.N., Mrs. Hugh Bell, Mr. Quiller-Couch, and Miss M. E. Coleridge are the other authors of papers in the *Monthly Review*. The serial fiction, "Tristram of Blent," is by Mr. Anthony Hope.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

It was, I think, Charles Dickens the Younger who said that steam launches were the curse of the Upper Thames, and I am inclined to think the same observation might be applied to the traction-engine on the country road. It would be interesting to learn what are the regulations that govern the actions of these machines. Their broad, transversely-grooved wheels, added to their enormous weight, must do more damage to the roads in one journey than the passage of twenty carts or carriages. Do they contribute any special subscription towards the repair of the road, or who would bear the expense if they should happen to break down a bridge or fall through into a sewer? Sometimes, late at night, they perambulate London, and as they pass my house, dragging a train of trucks after them, all the glasses chatter, the pictures oscillate, the rooms shake, and the whole neighbourhood trembles. Now what compensation do I, or anyone else, receive for this annoyance? Is the parish, I wonder, recouped for this extra wear and tear of road?

However, this phase of the traction-engine is to me simply troublesome, but the country road aspect of this alarming engine is absolutely dangerous. It was only the other day I was driving down that long, steep hill from Kingscote to Wotton-under-Edge in Gloucestershire when I met a traction-engine coming up. The horses stopped and quivered, and absolutely refused to pass the snorting dragon. Fortunately we were allowed to turn in at a lodge gate till the terror had passed by. Had we met it further down, where the hill is at its steepest and the sides unprotected, the consequences might have been disastrous. It is a hideous and appalling looking vehicle, and I do not wonder at many horses declining to encounter it even when it is quiescent. Would it not be possible to make it more sightly? and could not something be done to cure its thrilling Broddingnagian cough and moderate the raucous rattle of its machinery—if, after all, it is absolutely necessary for it to traverse our country roads? What with traction-engines, cycles and motor-cars rural roads are scarcely the places for day-dreaming and quiet meditation nowadays, especially when a motor-car sometimes takes fire and occasionally blows up.

Travellers at this period of the year will fully endorse a complaint which reaches me in a letter signed "Sarah Spinach." I regret I have not space for the whole of this lady's communication, but the following extract will show her grievance is a most substantial one. She says:—"You arrive early at the station in the hope of avoiding all flurry, but you cannot get your ticket. The clerk is supposed to open the ticket office a quarter of an hour before the train starts. But long after that time has elapsed you must patiently wait jammed in a crowd trying to pass through the narrow barrier, and, it may be, half suffocated with tobacco smoke. Possibly it is just two minutes before your train starts that you are able to emerge from the crush. Thus you have no time to select your carriage or look after your luggage before the departure of the train." These annoying regulations are more especially in force, I think, at country and suburban stations. I have an idea that some of the London ticket offices are always open. The whole thing might be easily remedied by my plan of being able to buy tickets like you do postage stamps, such tickets being available for any date. People sending luggage in advance can now buy their tickets at the luggage office. This advantage is, however, somewhat discounted by your being obliged to take them for a certain date.

matter. We Londoners are a somewhat apathetic lot, but it strikes me we carry our apathy a little too far. I think it is high time a special commission should be instituted to inquire into these fires and explosions that are frequently taking place beneath our roads and pavements. Your "Bystander" speaks feelingly on the subject, having only passed over the spot a few minutes before paving stones were hurled into the air opposite Charing Cross Station a few months ago.

It is in the highest degree satisfactory to read in the *Daily Graphic* that the Jungfrau Railway has been abandoned on account of the expense being greater than was originally anticipated. Nobody will care much what cause led to its relinquishment, but everyone will be delighted—'Arry possibly excepted—that at least one snow-peak is not to be swarming with excursionists. Half the charm of travel, at home and abroad, is lost nowadays by its being made too easy. You have only to decide where you want to go, how long you wish to be away, receive a lot of coupons in exchange for a cheque, and the matter is accomplished. All the enjoyment of preparation and contrivance, all the planning of tours, all the little adventures, all the amusing events, all the strange mishaps that once rendered travelling so fascinating have well-nigh disappeared. This is a luxurious age, everything is placed within the

reach of all. Everybody can enjoy it without physical or mental exertion—so nobody seems to care much about anything. From any point of view—except the commercial one, and that I shall probably be told is the only one to be considered—these Swiss mountain railways seem to me to be a mistake. If people do not choose to use their legs they had better remain in the valley and gaze at the mountain from below. I could never understand why a railway—except in the hotel interest—was required up the mountain. I have walked up there and down again—it is, after all, a very little bit of pedestrianism—and I must say, you lose half the charm of an excursion in going by rail.

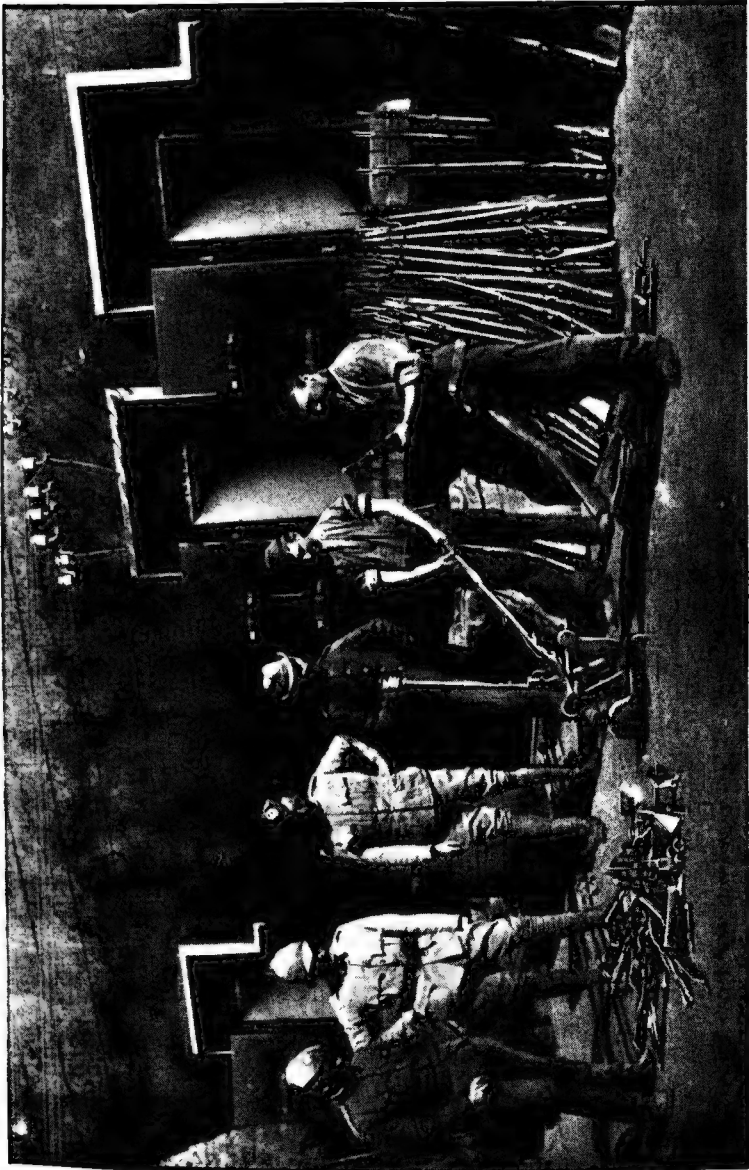
A correspondent of *Literature* suggests that the new street the Strand to Holborn should be named "Dickens Avenue." I am glad to find attention is being again called to a matter that was first proposed in this column, when the new street was first decided upon, some considerable time ago. But, as I pointed out at the time, the surname would not be sufficient. Dickens is by no means an uncommon name, and we require the Christian name to individualise it. If the new street were named "Charles Dickens Avenue," everyone would know that it was intended to commemorate the greatest and most popular novelist of our time.



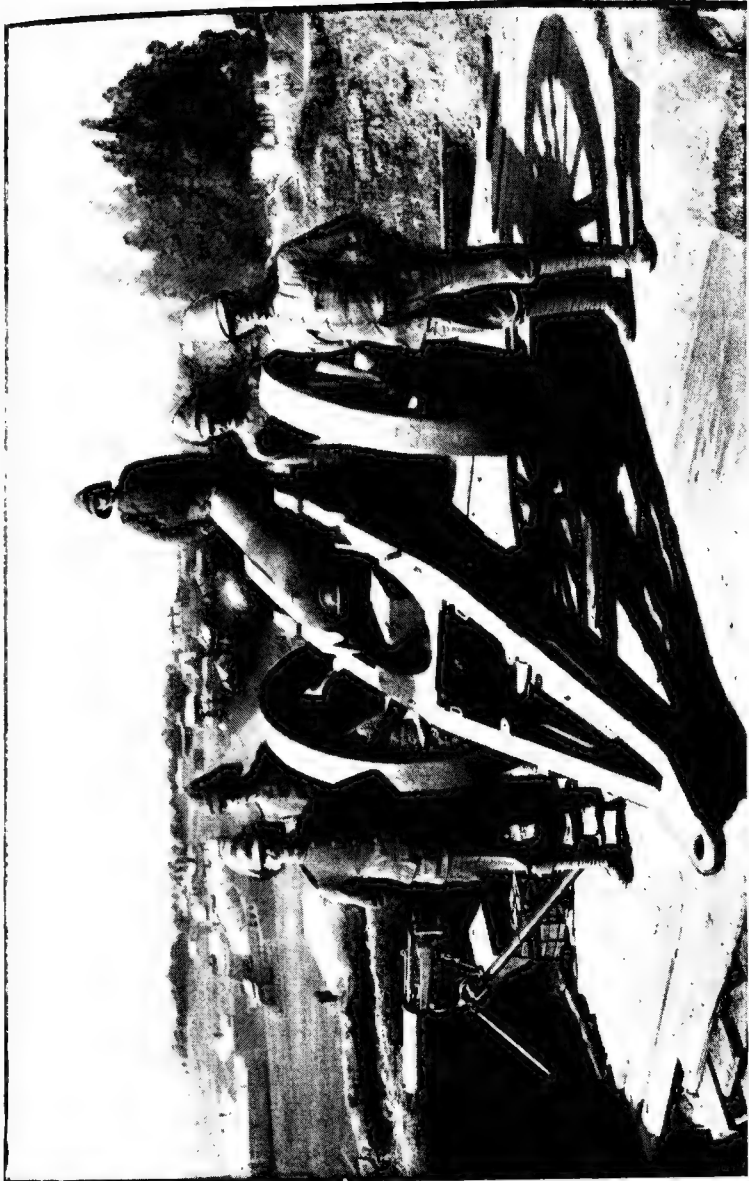
1. Tailor-made coat and skirt in dark red cloth, trimmed with white cloth ornaments perforated to show the colour underneath. Very plain skirt edged with white cloth bands. Coat of novel shape, having a long basque at the back and being cut away in front to simulate a waistcoat. The collar is pointed, and the revers cross in front, with fur and white satin embroidery. The front of the bodice is cut out in three tabs and opens over a chemise in white silk muslin; the vest below being of apricot silk, strapped with black velvet. The sleeves are made of cloth to the elbow, where they open wide over a tight under-sleeve of silk strapped with black velvet and white satin, and the swathed belt is black velvet. Plain skirt, cut up at the side and ornamented with beaver fur and white satin embroidery. Small shoulder-cape of black velvet, lined with white satin, and having a tiny hood bordered with beaver. Apricot felt hat, smartly turned up in front, with two black velvet rosettes, and trimmed with black and white grapes.

VISITING COSTUMES

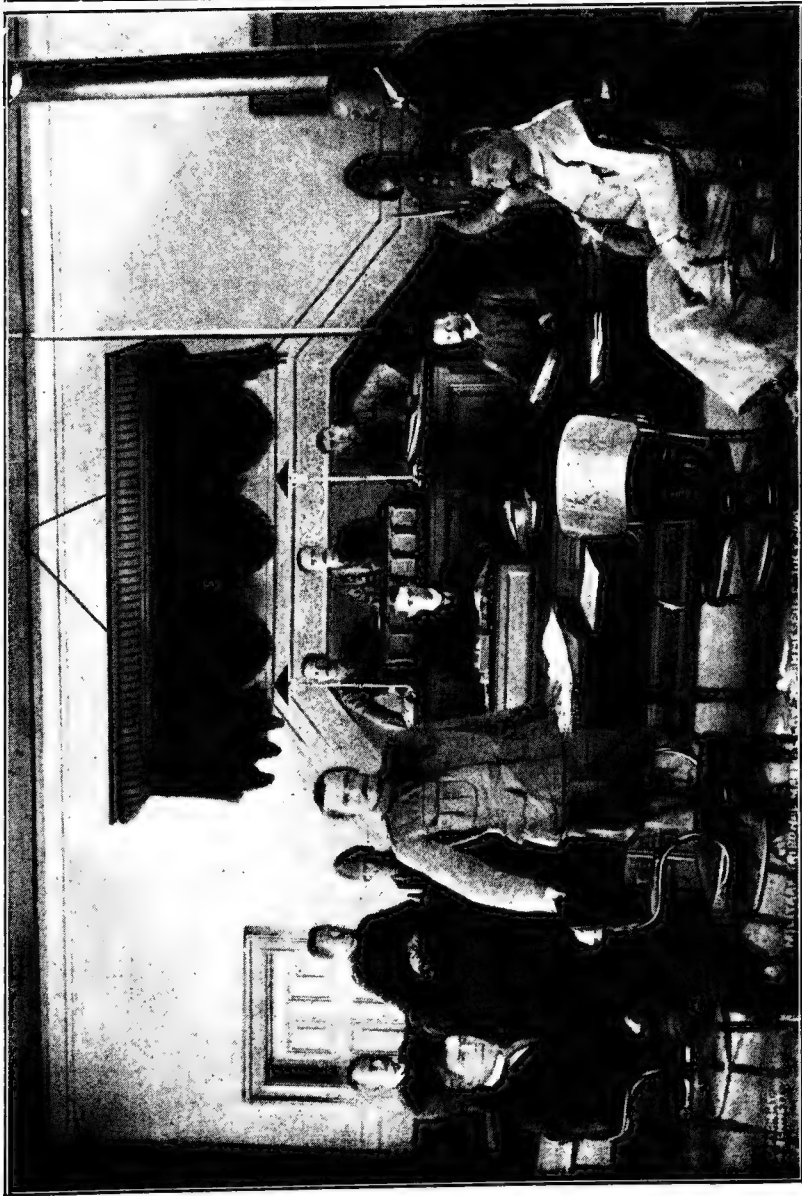
"A Subterranean Fire under a City Church," "Fire in a West End Subway," "Upheaval of the Roadway." These are headlines which we see on the contents bills of the evening papers. On buying a paper we find the news is quite as alarming as the headline—which is perhaps an unusual circumstance—and we go home to dinner and do not trouble ourselves any further in the



BREAKING UP CAPTURED BOER RIFLES IN THE FORT

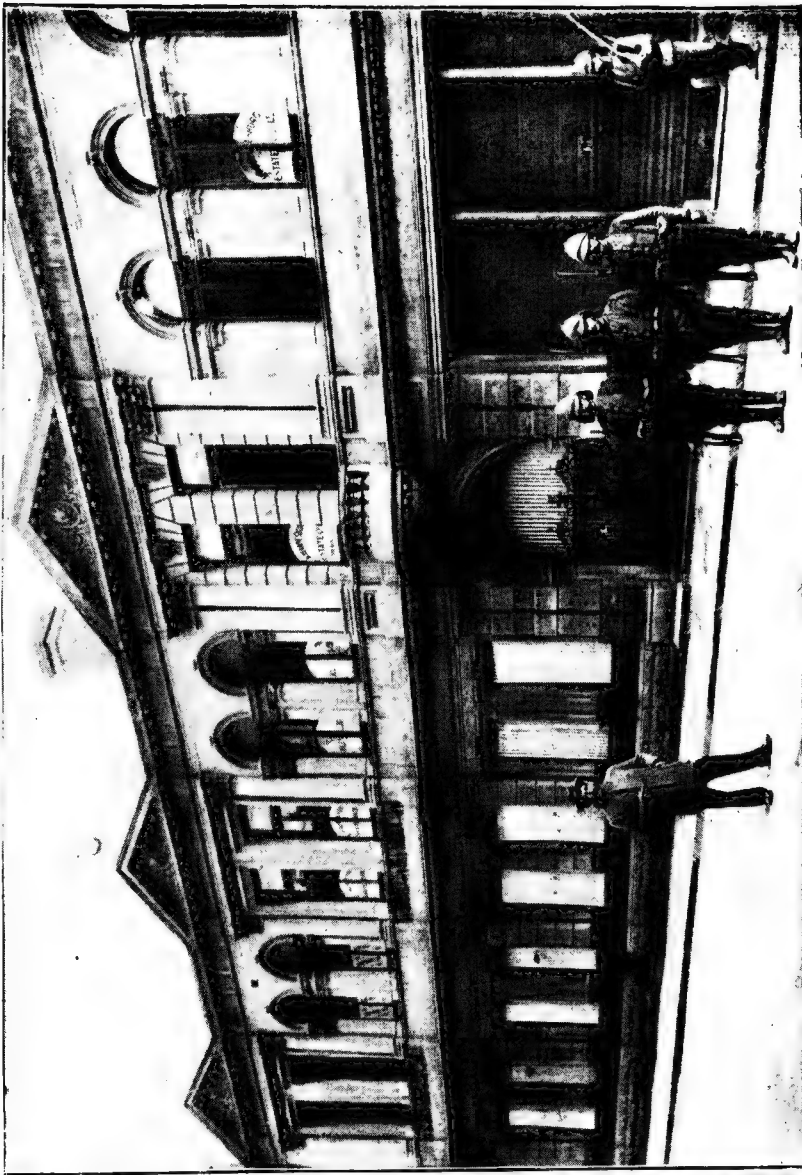


A CAPTURED 64-POUNDER IN POSITION



THE MILITARY TRIBUNAL

Sir Alfred Milner informed a meeting of refugees that the forwarding of supplies for the Army was the imperative work of the moment and that there was at present no room and little use for the civilian population of Johannesburg. The town is not expected to be



THE STOCK EXCHANGE BARRICADED AND GUARDED BY SOLDIERS

In the meantime it is with the rest of the Transvaal under martial law. Our four photographs show the military tribunal at work. The President of the Court is on the Bench, with Captain da Costa and Lieutenant Hughes. The Crown Prosecutor is Lieutenant Bates. The photograph was taken immediately after the death sentence had been passed on a Kafir for murder. Our illustrations are from photographs by M. Bennett

RESTORING ORDER IN THE TRANSVAAL: JOHANNESBURG UNDER MARTIAL LAW

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

WHILE the "Boxers" are fighting our troops and the Allies are encamped in the Imperial city, the Chinaman, who is nothing if not practical, is arriving in large numbers to work for the "foreign devils." By Christmas, it is said, we are to have 1,200 Chinese washermen in town. Four Chinese laundries have been organised, the speciality of which will be a "quick" wash, an immense boon to travellers and passers through town, who have hitherto suffered inconvenience from the old-fashioned habits of stolid laundresses, who could never be taught to "hurry up." If to the practice of rapid washing the Chinese add carefulness in the matter of buttons and punctuality in returning articles sent, the yellow laundry carts will be hailed with delight by all good housewives, and one of the principal annoyances of domestic life be obliterated for ever. But such a forecast is almost too good to be true, and one wonders if the owner of the pigtail, given to card-playing, smoking, and opium eating, will ever be the true benefactor of the future. He is a good washerman certainly, and contrives to give a special gloss and softness to the linen with which he is entrusted.

The controversy about the lady cyclists has undoubtedly elicited one fact, that the accidents to which they are liable are far more

numerous than one had ever supposed. The denial of their nerve in riding raises a more invidious question. I fancy many women's nerves are as good as those of men, though presence of mind in emergency is not exactly a feminine virtue. Their skill in riding in many cases leaves little to be desired, though the most incompetent are frequently the most daring. The fact is, women are out of place in crowded thoroughfares, their dress is absolutely unsuited and an additional source of danger. One reads constantly of a lady's dress catching in her pedals and causing a nasty fall, and women are growing daily more reckless in wearing long flowing skirts. I do not see that even the institution of an examining licenser, as practised in Germany and Austria, would minimise the risk, for a woman who can get on and off quickly, and manage her cycle with ease and grace may yet grow nervous and lose her coolness in the presence of some unexpected difficulty or one of the numerous narrow shaves which sooner or later must occur to every practised cyclist.

Strange stories of queer superstitions and odd prejudices still survive even among the educated lower classes. A lady the other day discovered that her husband's bed was not properly made on the Sunday. She remonstrated with the abigail, who informed her that she never turned the mattresses on Sunday and Friday; on the latter day because it was unlucky, on the former because of the sacred day, adding, "In my last place the people did all they could to save me working on Sunday."

A strange aberration of mind dealing with the *meum* and

tuum, the great stumbling-block of servants, was shown by a parlourmaid, who, when asked for the remainder of the muffins brought down to the country as a special delicacy by her master, responded "There are none left." "But there must be," persisted the baffled employer. "I brought down at least a dozen, and we have not eaten half." "Deed, then," said the imperturbable damsel, wroth at being so questioned, "the dining room have had their share!"

Ladies will at last be permitted to pass physicians' examinations in the Austrian Universities, to which they have long aspired fruitlessly. All over the world the women doctors are slowly but surely gaining ground and strengthening their position. The art of

her underclothing, her petticoats, her handkerchief, her veil, the woman of the middle classes uses violent odours when on her Sunday outings with her young man. A lady of my acquaintance surrounded herself with so many perfumes that her body resembled a perfumer's shop, leaving a trail of scent down the passage. Strong scents are very unwholesome; they cause headache, and when indulged in to excess may even hasten death. Mirabeau loved flowers so madly that when threatened by his enemies with direst consequences if he persisted in having them around him, he yet could not refrain from the charm of their presence. Sitting on a bed of flowers pleased the romantic imaginations of our fathers; but if anything could take away appetite and make one wish for the raucous odour of tobacco, it is the reek of the strong scents of the fashionable woman pervading everything, poisoning even the fresh air of the garden.

The Imperial Yeomanry Hospital

A BRIEF account will be read with interest of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital at Deelfontein, of which we are enabled to give some illustrations elsewhere through the kindness of Mr. Alfred F.R.C.S., the principal surgeon. The Imperial Yeomanry Hospital was founded by a committee of which Lady Georgiana Curzon is president. It consisted of Colonel Sloggett, the Colonel-Commandant, Mr. Alfred Fripp, and seventeen other doctors, ten or twelve nursing sisters (afterwards increased to fifty), ten



DRAWN BY PERCY F. B. SPENCE

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A BRITISH OFFICER

General Hunter's operations on the Basuto border at the end of July were crowned with success. The Boers held a hill in the centre of a narrow valley and were completely surrounded by the British troops. On the 25th the enemy was followed up the valley, and at about seven o'clock in the morning a messenger with a white flag came in with a letter to ask for a four days' armistice and to say that the Boers wished to treat for surrender. General Hunter refused the armistice, and ordered the big guns to take up position.

Many Boers came in and surrendered during the day. Finally, Vilanel, who was a captive in the Boers' hands for treason, having laid down his arms, was sent to treat with General Hunter. After a long discussion, during which the Boer delegate asked for various terms, Vilanel produced a letter from General Prinsloo unconditionally surrendering all the forces in the valley. The operations resulted in the taking of over 4,000 prisoners, including Generals Prinsloo and Rous.

THE OPERATIONS AGAINST GENERAL PRINSLOO: THE ATTACK ON THE BOER POSITION NEAR FOURIESBURG

numerous than one had ever supposed. The denial of their nerve in riding raises a more invidious question. I fancy many women's nerves are as good as those of men, though presence of mind in emergency is not exactly a feminine virtue. Their skill in riding in many cases leaves little to be desired, though the most incompetent are frequently the most daring. The fact is, women are out of place in crowded thoroughfares, their dress is absolutely unsuited and an additional source of danger. One reads constantly of a lady's dress catching in her pedals and causing a nasty fall, and women are growing daily more reckless in wearing long flowing skirts. I do not see that even the institution of an examining licenser, as practised in Germany and Austria, would minimise the risk, for a woman who can get on and off quickly, and manage her cycle with ease and grace may yet grow nervous and lose her coolness in the presence of some unexpected difficulty or one of the numerous narrow shaves which sooner or later must occur to every practised cyclist.

healing should be eminently a woman's province, for when we speak of the skilful operating surgeon, do we not admire his tender handling, and say he has the gentleness of a woman with the nerve of a man? Nerve and strength! So much depends on that. But the modern woman is rapidly developing all the manly qualities.

So much has been written and said about the dramatic calling as a career for women, and so large are the prizes carried off by the successful artists, that it is, perhaps, as well to note the reverse of the medal. A contemporary correspondence shows the average salaries earned by competent actresses in the provinces, small enough in all conscience, yet satisfactory in comparison with the many bogus companies who pay their actresses nothing, and frequently leave them stranded in some distant town to find their way back to London as best they can. An average of from 30s. to 35s. a week cannot be considered riches, while the weary life, as described by one lady, "out of one set of frowsy lodgings into another, eternally packing and unpacking, travelling, no comfort and no home," might deter the most ambitious female. Yet the glamour of the footlights, the glitter of the spangles, will always continue to attract the young and ignorant.

Women are beginning to revenge themselves on men for their indulgence in tobacco. It is everywhere noticeable that strong perfumes are coming into fashion. The French woman perfumes

maids, and 100 personnel. From first to last over a thousand tons of hospital paraphernalia and stores were sent from England to Cape Town, a distance of 6,000 miles, and then nearly 100 miles up country to Deelfontein, in a troop train which sometimes took forty hours to do the journey on a narrow-gauge rail with a single pair of rails most of the way. Yet all this was accomplished without a single hitch. The Imperial Yeomanry Hospital was fortunate in its choice of a position, where it had an uncontaminated water supply, the atmosphere being described as champagne air. The hospital arrived just at the time, when the epidemic of enteric added so enormously to the number of sick and wounded.

Mr. Fripp, in the series of interesting letters which appear in the *Times* and elsewhere, speaking of the hospital, says: "We have everything we want and nothing that we don't want. They had specialists in ophthalmic and X-ray work, a skillful masseur, an operating theatre, a dairy, a huge launch, cylinders of compressed gases, plant for electric installations, extras added to the ordinary equipment of hospitals engaged in war, and 800 beds.

There have been some notable surgical successes in the hospital, and the marvellous recoveries which have been made from wounds apparently fatal are a tribute to the great advances made in surgical science. Upwards of 2,600 cases have been treated at the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital at Deelfontein, of whom over 600 were officers and men of the Yeomanry. In all there were fifty-nine deaths, a mortality of less than two and a half per cent. attributable almost entirely to enteric.

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7 9 by	5 2 .. 2	11 0	0	12 8 by	8 1 .. 5	5 0	0
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9 6 by	6 0 .. 3	6 0	0	11 10 by	9 5 .. 6	0 0	0
8 7 by	7 0 .. 3	10 0	0	12 2 by	9 1 .. 7	2 0	0
8 10 by	7 1 .. 3	13 0	0	11 10 by	9 10 .. 7	3 0	0
9 5 by	7 5 .. 4	4 0	0	12 1 by	9 6 .. 7	4 0	0
10 4 by	7 5 .. 4	14 0	0	12 4 by	10 7 .. 7	11 0	0
10 4 by	7 7 .. 5	0 0	0	12 11 by	10 2 .. 7	11 0	0
11 0 by	8 0 .. 5	2 0	0	13 1 by	9 11 .. 8	7 0	0
12 2 by	6 11 .. 5	3 0	0	13 11 by	10 1 .. 9	0 0	0
9 7 by	8 6 .. 5	4 0	0	14 11 by	10 8 .. 9	6 0	0
10 11 by	7 11 .. 5	6 0	0	14 0 by	11 6 .. 10	6 0	0
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From the Bookshelf

"A Sports- woman in India"

"A SPORTSWOMAN IN INDIA" (Hutchinson) is decidedly a fascinating book. The authoress, Isabel Savory, writes well, and, what is more to the point, thoroughly understands what she is writing about. The pictures she draws of Indian life and scenery are wonderfully vivid and true to nature, whilst the descriptions of the different adventures she met with whilst mountaineering, pig-sticking, hunting lions or shooting tigers are written with great force and picturesqueness. Pig-sticking she enjoys above all other sports. It is, she says, "always exciting; no one realises who is near, or what may be in front; it is a case of riding as never before one has ridden, and the excitement of a breakneck gallop only gives place at the finish to a battle royal fraught with danger. Of more than one gallop after and tussle with a gallant pig it might be written:—

How mad and bad and sad it was!
And yet, alas! how sweet!

Mrs. Savory, however, was not content with pig alone. She travelled far into Kashmir, ascending many of the higher points of the Himalayas, shooting bears, black and red, enjoying, in fact, a right royal time. Returning to the Deccan, she managed to bag a tiger or two. We have already remarked on the fascination of the book; we might add that the author has a sense of humour—a rare quality in her sex—and has many amusing stories and incidents to relate. The illustrations, which are numerous and effective, add greatly to the charm of the volume.

"Sir Stamford Raffles"

The latest addition to the "Builders of Great Britain" series, published by Fisher Unwin, is "Sir Stamford Raffles," the founder of Singapore. Mr. H. F. Wilson, the editor of the series, himself undertook this "Life," but owing, in the first instance, to his work at the Colonial Office, and afterwards to his being sent out to South Africa as legal assistant to Sir Alfred Milner, he had to abandon the task to Mr. Hugh E. Egerton, of whom it may be said that a better substitute it would be impossible to find. The Colonial politics of the time were so complicated and entered so much into the life of Raffles that his biography is by no means an easy one to write, and Mr. Egerton is to be congratulated upon the success of his undertaking. Sir Stamford's opportunity came early in life. At the age of twenty-one he was receiving a salary of 70*l.* a year as extra clerk in the India House; a year later he was appointed Assistant-Secretary at Penang with 1,500*l.* per annum. A most indefatigable worker, he soon rose to a high position. Besides founding Singapore, he did yeoman service for his country in Java, which, if he had had the support of the home authorities, would this day be a British possession. He died at the early age of forty-six, killed by overwork, his death being hastened by the meanness and want of appreciation shown him by the East India Company. Sir Stamford Raffles was a devoted lover of both children and animals, a fact worth noting, as the former, at any rate, have pro-

cured immeasurable pleasure from our "Zoo," of which he was the founder.

"The South African Conspiracy; or, The Aims of 'The South Afrikanerdom'" (Heinemann), is a strong indictment of the Afrikaner Bond. Mr. Fred W. Bell, F.S.S., the author, knows his South Africa well, and we must say that the proofs he adduces to prove the existence of the conspiracy and of the treason of the Bond are most convincing. In the first place, the writer is a South African by adoption, having lived uninterruptedly in the country since 1871. For eight years he lived in the eastern province of Cape Colony, for nine years in Cape Town, for one year he was stationed in Bechuanaland, and the remainder of the time he has been domiciled in the Transvaal. He writes forcibly and to the point. "If I feel strongly," he writes, "it is because to me . . . the political affairs of South Africa enter into my very life, and the manner of their settlement determines whether I shall go to some other portion of the Empire where, at least, a Briton is not placed at a disadvantage." The Afrikaner Bond is, in his opinion, at the bottom of all the trouble. "At no time," he says, "during the present century, prior to the advent of the Afrikaner Bond, did we see in South Africa one white race aspiring to dominate the other. The first aim of the Bond was to establish a separate South African nation. Yet," he continues, "although the Afrikaner Bond proposes to have no other nationality than that of Afrikaner, it has persistently and consistently favoured the Dutch Afrikaner section of the population as against the English. As to the charge of treason that has been brought against Bond members of the Cape Parliament, members, be it remembered, who had taken an oath to be 'faithful and bear true allegiance to Her Majesty,' the following instance will prove how well founded they are: 'Mr. Schreiner allowed large quantities of arms and ammunition to be delivered to the Orange Free State when we were on the brink of war with the South African Republic, well knowing that this State had a treaty of alliance with the Orange Free State, and that, in the case of war, this ammunition would be used jointly by the burghers of the two States against Her Majesty's forces.' This is one of many similar cases. Mr. Bell conclusively proves the existence of the conspiracy, and if any doubts remain in our readers' mind as to the justice of British policy in South Africa, we should strongly recommend them to read carefully through the volume.

To properly appreciate Mr. Alexander Innes Shand's "General John Jacob" (Seeley) it would be necessary to be thoroughly *au fait* with the history of the smaller Indian frontier wars of the "forties" and with that of the Sind Campaign. Practically the whole of Jacob's life was spent in India. He sailed for that country in January, 1828, as second lieutenant in the Bombay Artillery (he was then sixteen years of age), and remained there until his death, thirty years later. Exactly two-thirds of that thirty years he spent in Sind, the climate of which "can only be described as infernal." The Sind war brought Jacob prominently to the front. In that war

he was Sir Charles Napier's right-hand man. In describing the battle of Meeanee, Sir William Napier writes:—"Covering the left were the Sind irregular horsemen, fierce eastern swordsmen led by Captain Jacob, an artillery officer and a scientific one, but also of singular ability for cavalry service." Jacob's Horse (for he had now become a cavalry officer, and his Irregular Horse took his name) did grand work throughout this and subsequent campaigns. From Lahree, General Napier reports gladiatorial engagement between twenty of Jacob's Horse and twenty-six marauders. The latter refused quarter, and the fight ended with the death of the last of them. "All honour to the courage," wrote the General, "more honour to their conquerors." Jacob afterwards became Acting Commissioner of Sind. "He was," says the author, "a responsible political officer, a diplomatist, a civil engineer, a mechanical inventor, and a bookworm. Moreover, he was an indefatigable writer and pamphleteer, with views and influence extending far beyond the marches of Sind, who for good or evil left an indelible mark on the re-organisation of the Anglo-Indian Army." Unfortunately, his fondness for writing for the daily Press got him into serious difficulties with the authorities, and he was severely censured both by the Commander-in-Chief and Lord Dalhousie. However, General Jacob was a fine soldier, and no man understood better than he the character of the warlike people of Sind, nor was better able to keep them under control. He died at the early age of forty-six, killed by his work. His name is never likely to be forgotten in India. He was the only man who founded and gave his name to a town in that country, for Jacobabad got its name from Lord Dalhousie in tribute to the work of its founder.

Books of Reference

"THE GOSSIPY GUIDE TO SWANAGE AND DISTRICT" (Arthur Pearson and Co.), by Clive Holland, will be highly appreciated by visitors to that popular seaside resort, and the illustrations excite a desire to go to the place in those who do not know it already.—"The Gardening Chart" (F. Warne and Co.) is a capital guide to the cultivation of the year's vegetables by H. C. Davidson, so arranged that a glance will show what work is to be done each month.—"Assouan as a Health Resort" (Simpkin Marshall), by W. E. Kingsford, which now appears in its second edition, draws attention to the climatic advantages offered by Assouan as a winter resort for invalids, and gives a list of some of the diseases for which the place is recommended and other information.—We have also received: "Wareham, and Its Points of Interest—an Illustrated Guide" (Bright's, Ltd., Bournemouth); "Snapshot Guide to Belfast" (W. Brown and Sons, Belfast); "The Illustrated Local Guide to London and South-Western Railway"; "The Midland Great Western Railway of Ireland Tourist Programme"; and Bartholomew's Reduced Ordnance Survey Map of North Lancashire.

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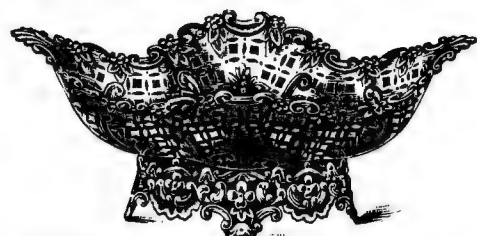
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Music

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

THE Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall have now been in progress for a month, and as the regular musical season will not begin till after the Birmingham Musical Festival, they still have a lease of life. During the Hereford Festival week, of course, no novelties were attempted, for several members of the orchestra, and amongst others, Mr. Payne, the leader, were away from London. Nevertheless, excellent audiences were attracted by more or less familiar works, including a Tchaikowsky programme, in the course of which the Symphony in F Minor and the *Hamlet* overture were performed, and a Beethoven Concert, with the "Eroica" Symphony and the "Egmont" music. These Beethoven Symphony Concerts, by the way, appear to be quite as popular as they were nearly thirty years ago, when, at the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden, Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted a cycle of the whole of the Symphonies of Beethoven, taking them on successive Fridays in chronological order. And yet some people have imagined that Mr. Wood's scheme of giving the nine Symphonies successively on Friday nights at Queen's Hall is a novel idea. Saturday nights are, of course, devoted to more miscellaneous music, but among the productions of last Saturday was a cleverly constructed piece entitled "Contrasts," in which the gavotte of the present year and the same graceful dance of two centuries ago were contrasted.

During the present week the principal novelties have been a short orchestral piece by the Russian composer, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and the Three Dance movements from Mr. Edward German's *Aell Gwyn* music, now being played at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The complete Suite, formed for concert purposes, will likewise comprise the overture, an important feature of which is the old English song, "Early one morning, just as the sun was rising," which the late Mr. William Chappell declared was more frequently sung by the nursemaids of the last century than any other ditty. The three pieces played at the Queen's Hall concerts form, however, the first *entracte*, and they comprise a bright

country dance, a melodious pastoral dance, and the "Merry-makers" dance, which is danced upon the stage during the harvest home festivities at Quinton Manor, towards the close of the first act of the play. Señor Paoli, a tenor who has appeared on the stage in Italy and Spain, and also, it is said, at the Grand Opéra, Paris, is among the vocalists of the present week.



This bandolier waistcoat which was found on a Boer prisoner is not only highly ingenious in its construction, but is also very interesting from the fact that of the twenty-six pouches sewed on to the leather waistcoat the greater number had been taken from British soldiers, as, of course, had also the collar ornaments shown under the pouches. Our photograph was supplied by Photogetter, London

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NOTES AND NEWS

Mr. Lloyd has now fixed upon Wednesday afternoon, December 12, for his final bow to an English audience. Immediately after the Birmingham Musical Festival—that is to say, on October 6—will commence his farewell tour, and during the next two months he will visit nearly fifty of the principal towns of Great Britain. Mr. Lloyd's appearance in the provinces will be on December at Birmingham, and two days later at the Al Hall, where he will sing for the last time before retiring into private life.

The official issue of the Albert Hall prospectus shows that after all we are not to hear in London Mr. Elgar's *Dream of St. Gerontius*, despite the high opinion that Messrs. Novello's readers (according to the report of the Birmingham Festival Committee) expressed of it. The two "Novello" concerts are to be devoted to a repetition of Mr. Taylor's *Song of Hiawatha* (but with a better cast than before), and Professor Parker's *Ilora Novissima*. The rest of the concert—present favourite, and to a certain extent hitherto, works, such as *Elijah*, *Messiah*, *St. John's Passion*, *Israel in Egypt*, and, to finish the thirtieth season, a Mendelssohn evening, including the *Walpurgis Night* and the *Hymn of Praise*.

Dr. Richter, who, by the way, intends a year to return to Budapest to conduct the National Opera there for three months, will direct the whole of the Hallé concerts at Manchester this winter. The only novelty, however, will be Christy Sinding's Symphony in D Minor. Lady Hallé will be among the performers.

The Nottingham Orchestral concerts this year will be under the conductorship of Mr. Henry Wood, of Queen's Hall, and the programmes will include a special Wagner night. The Nottingham Sacred Harmonic Society will be under the same conductor.

The Leeds Philharmonic Society will this year give two concerts under Dr. Richter and two under Dr. Stanford, but without novelties. The Brodsky Quartet will likewise give one evening.

The Liverpool Philharmonic Society, under Mr. Cowen, will give twelve concerts this year, including performances of Dvorak's *Spectre's Bride*, Taylor's *Hiawatha*, and *The Flying Dutchman*.

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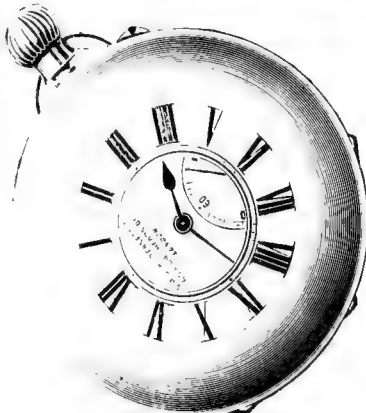
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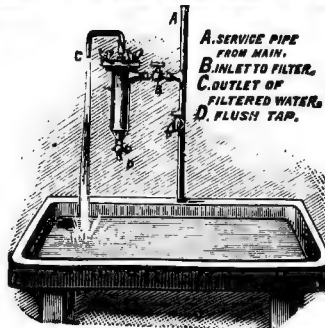
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Frederic, Lord Leighton, P.R.A.*

THE splendid personality of Lord Leighton is not to be allowed to fall into oblivion. A group of his friends have acquired his house, filled it with his works, and turned it into a museum for the benefit of the public. Mr. Thomas Brock has executed the most beautiful monument ever seen in London—one of two or three of our finest masterpieces in sculpture—now being, or shortly to be, set up in St. Paul's Cathedral, the admiration of the whole art world. And Mr. Ernest Rhys has devoted to the master's memory a study of his art life and art work so complete, that while those who know the artist's pictures and sculptures find here now before them an excellent series of reproductions, set in sympathetic and adequate text to refresh their memory, those who never saw them can form a fairly accurate judgment of Leighton's mastery of drawing and composition, his aims, his ideals and his achievements. Until the official biography is forthcoming this book may well fill its place, full and accurate as it is on the artistic side, however lacking it may be on the personal and the anecdotic.

The brilliant way in which Leighton filled the position that was his is still the marvel of those who knew him—his individual position in the world of art in its broadest sense and in that of Society. He loved music and poetry not less than painting and sculpture, and he loved Society hardly less. Liked and petted by the noblest and most intellectual in the land, he gave good grounds—other than those of his art—for the favour that was bestowed upon him. But of all this there is practically nothing in Mr. Rhys's excellent book; it is his art and work which we have here—his painting, sculpture, illustrations, decorations, discourses, and sketches. All this, reinforced by some fourscore examples, is enough for one volume—for the handsome book now re-issued in handy form.

One reason why Leighton is hated by a large section of the sloppy, careless, and formless school of to-day is that the artist was the sworn enemy of the meretricious and of the insincere in art. He believed, acting strenuously up to his conviction, in the principle laid down by the teacher of Velasquez: "Drawing is the life and soul of painting; drawing, especially outline, is the hardest; nay, the Art has, strictly speaking, no other difficulty. Without drawing painting is nothing but a vulgar craft; those who neglect it are bastards of the Art, mere daubers and blotchers." No wonder the daubers and blotchers of to-day hated him and professed to despise him! They quoted his over-scientific complication of colour, which was apt to become turgid and heavy, and his defective

* "Frederic, Lord Leighton, P.R.A. His Life and Work." By Ernest Rhys. Illustrated. (G. Bell and Sons, 1900.)

eye, which was apt to give us copper for gold. But his real greatness they did not see. But the public understand, as they turn over these leaves, how noble was his mind and skilled his hand, the intellect being in exact harmony with the perfection of his handiwork and craftsmanship. It is now four years since he died, and no new man has yet appeared on the horizon of art who promises the same, or anything like the same, high qualities. And until such another arises the jackals of the craft will doubtless continue to snap and howl at the carcass of the dead lion.

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

SLOWLY, almost imperceptibly, the season has glided from summer into autumn. The summer itself, as a well-known writer has remarked, was "uncommonly versatile," and the ups and downs of the weather during August were more attractive to the meteorologist than to the farmer. The advent of September, however, appeared to give to the year a quietude and also a serenity which it had not hitherto possessed. The solar heat became grateful and equable without excess or fierceness, the nights became cool without being positively cold. The last cricket matches of the season were delayed in their start by the heavy night dews, and in low-lying inland places the mists that closed in by six in the evening were not fully dispersed next morning before ten. The gardens showed a general effacement of sunflowers before the distinctively autumn chrysanthemum, but the robust and somewhat commonplace aster held its own, and was, where well grouped, a good and useful show. The absence of wind was a boon to fruit growers, and the work in the orchard has been undisturbed by the haste needed when the days are turbulent with strong breezes bringing down the ripe fruit. The new blackberry-raspberry which was to starve the markets under the somewhat obsolescent title of The Mahdi has not made its expected "splash," but mulberries, which would be bad to beat by any blackberry, however improved, are in good supply and of fine flavour. Decidedly, autumn is here.

HARVEST HOME

Her Majesty, "the Prince," and, perhaps, a hundred out of the five hundred Peers still keep up the custom of harvest home, but "the new rich," so imitative of the old "landed" classes in most respects, are not followers of them in this. The fact is that "harvest

home" needs a particular atmosphere, in the absence of which it is awkward and absurd. It does not need an indulgent landlord or perfect farmers or ideal "men," but it absolutely exacts for its success that the landlord should be known by sight to his tenantry, that the latter should be familiar with the fields they cultivate, that the labourers should know something familiar both of landowner and farmers, though it be but scandal. Where the land has been bought "as an investment," where the farm has been held on a yearly tenancy, where the labourer if he knew Homer would enthusiastically endorse the utterance of Ulysses, stating that from boyhood he had "loathed regular work in one place," where such are the conditions, harvest home is incongruous and gratifies nobody. It dies out naturally under such circumstances. Another picturesque side of country life is disappearing before the harvesting machines. Boaz knew not the invention of the late Mr. McCormick, and merry as is the clatter of the "self-binding harvester," Ruth vanished before its advent. The gleaners' occupation is gone. The very stubbles, which speak so eloquently of autumn in the country, are doomed, and the smart farmer follows up his harvestings, within ten days of the fields being cleared, with what are known as "catch crops."

BUCOLIC BUDGETS

An interesting report on farm labourers' earnings has been issued by the Board of Trade, and a map has appeared from which it may be gathered that a peasant makes twice as much in Renfrew as he does in Wexford. The fact that the Irish farm labourer mostly gets with his wages a cottage rent free and a half-acre of land to cultivate for himself is not revealed in the map, and the Board of Trade report itself bristles with the problem of various items not exactly convertible into money value in wages weekly. The main point of the report, however, is clear enough, and it is implicit in the word "Budget." If we could get the labourer to imitate the nation as regard his yearly earnings as a whole, as a "budget for the year," we should be on the way to a just balance of revenue and expenditure for the individual. But the liberal earnings from July to October inclusive are not stored against the "short earnings period" from December to March inclusive, and there is no just balance of the four fat months against the four lean ones. The farmer could adjust the matter, and would for the most part be only too glad to do so, but the farm labourer will not bind himself for the year, and he joyfully barters security for the right to loaf when "so disposed." "Lazy brute," as the angry farmer is often heard to call him, it may be questioned if he would not do a fair average "stroke" of work in a year of equable weather. But to the farmer's chagrin the labourer is, after all, in his own way, a bit of an aesthete of a connoisseur. The days when he asks for work are those of bris-

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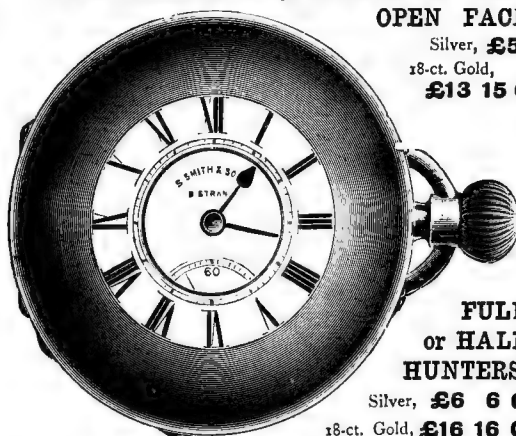
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frost, when one can neither sow nor plough; the days when he prefers to saunter are those of the balmy summer-time, when the harassed agriculturist is impatiently on the look out for "hands."

OUR GREATEST GRAIN CROP

Returns of our greatest grain crop are later than those of either wheat or barley, for the area devoted to it in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales is very large, and information from these districts is late to hand. The crop in question is, of course, oats, which in a good year are capable of giving the United Kingdom over twenty million quarters of grain, whereas wheat is a very good crop when it reaches nine millions, and barley is not often found to exceed eleven million quarters. The area under oats this year is returned at 4,130,936 acres, against 4,095,291 acres a year ago. This confidence on the part of farmers has, we fear, been but ill repaid, for the crop is put at only a trifle over thirty-six bushels to the acre against over forty bushels last year, and the total yield for 1900 is given at 148,716,000 bushels, against 166,139,840 bushels in 1899, 172,578,273 bushels in 1898, and 163,536,000 bushels in 1897. The yield with which the century is closing is, therefore, the worst for some years. Nor do we hear that the oat straw is very plentiful.

HOPS

The official return for 1900 just issued shows that in Kent, the chief hop county, the acreage has slightly diminished. It is now 31,514 acres against 31,988 last year. Hereford, which now comes second to Kent, is doing well with hops; 7,287 acres are cultivated, against 7,227 last year and 6,542 in 1897. The Sussex acreage, on the other hand, is steadily decreasing. It was 5,174 acres in 1897, but it has fallen to 4,823 to-day. Surrey grows only 1,300 acres

against 1,388 acres last year, but Worcester cultivates 3,954 acres as compared with 3,788 acres in 1899. It is curious that the hop gardens of England should be gradually shifting from the home counties to the banks of the Severn and the Wye. The crop this year is deficient in all counties, but we fancy it will prove less below the average in Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester than in Kent, Sussex, and Surrey. In Hampshire, the one southern county cultivating the plant, the area devoted thereto is diminishing, nor will this year's yield put fresh courage into the hearts of growers.

WHITE ROOT ROT

Modern science has every reason to feel proud of its patient researches into the spreading of obscure organisms like *Rosellinia*, the spawn or "mycelium" of which spreads below the surface of the soil, a white network which, broken by the spade or gathered up in the hand, might easily be regarded as a simple "mildew," the result of sour and damp soil. The patient labours of scientific men have, however, resulted in its being proved that this enemy to the roots of trees, particularly of fruit trees, can only be propagated from a decaying root, and, as in all these cases, to be in sight of the sole cause is to be in sight also of dealing with the effect. The discovery has not been made any too soon, for while it is an Italian and French "trouble," known to some growers as "*le pourridi*," its hardness enables it to invade the north, and already it is no uncommon object not only in our orchards but also in plantations of young maples, oaks, beeches, pines, and spruces, and in potato fields. The French complain of its spreading from the vine to the beet. Wet seems its one desire. At first it was said to be only found in heavy clay soils, but the mycelium of the almost identical *Glomerata* is found in wet sand, and will spread to other

soils therefrom. Happily for mankind this pest cannot burrow all deep, and a foot deep trench stops it. The prompt burning of rotten tree roots is also indicated, and it is also possible to stop its progress with a belt of quicklime or of powdered sulphur. The latter can alone be used in close proximity to any tree.

THE SMALL ERMINE MOTH

H. Padella has every reason to regard itself as a lucky insect. Has not Leaflet 65 of the Board of Agriculture been devoted entirely to its delinquencies or, shall we say, achievements? What dramatic subject of a special warning from the Lord Chamberlain, would feel his importance enhanced, what skilful adulterator whom the Board of Trade should devote a whole leaflet but who feels that he was on the high road to the highest honours of commerce has to bestow? *H. Padella* has attained to what *Milva* perhaps too censoriously, would have called "this bad eminence" by its indefatigable devotion during May, June, July, and August to the foliage of cherry, apple, plum, sloe and pear trees, or, in the absence of these, to hawthorn, mountain ash and oak. The work which it spins is extremely unsightly, and the ravages which it commits, while seldom killing a tree, are such as to absolutely prohibit the production of any fruit. In the orchard, therefore, *H. Padella* is not loved. The Board of Agriculture suggest "its picking in its early stages," but then the employment of "young persons" under thirteen is prohibited by the School Board Act, and to ask "an adult" to pick caterpillars were to run the risk of suffering serious assault. Probably a spray of 7 lb. of soft soap in seven gallons of boiling water is the most practical remedy, and we are glad to learn that under these circumstances *H. Padella* "curls up."

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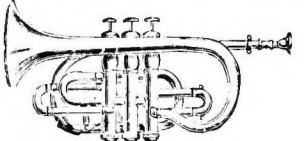
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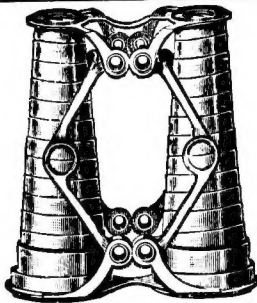
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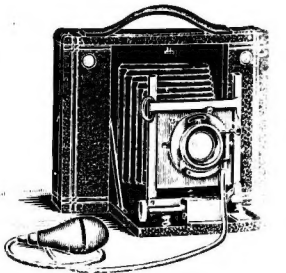
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1899—1900.

INTRODUCTORY.

The third and last Boer War, now happily drawing to a satisfactory conclusion, occupies an altogether unique position in the annals of modern history. Some of us remember only too well the only struggles in recent days which could be compared with it in magnitude and which have exceeded it in importance, but neither the Indian Mutiny nor in the Crimean War were the operations carried on over so extensive a field or were the like number of troops employed. When before has a British general commanded 200,000 men in the field? When before would it have been possible for the flag of the Empire from every quarter of the globe rallying to defend that flag which represents the greatest Empire the world has known? It is easy enough to make people realise that if an invader appeared off our shores every able-bodied man might be liable and would be willing to shoulder a rifle in defence of his country, but few at home Britons quite grasp the fact that every inch of Colonial soil is as sacred territory to some of the Queen's subjects as the soil of the little island in the North Sea. Our Colonists have recognised this fact splendidly when they volunteered from all quarters to help to drive out the invaders. For the first time within living memory British territory has been laid waste by an enemy of the Queen, while British generals have been defeated, British towns have been

besieged until the faint-hearted who did not remember that the British character was best in defeat began to tremble for the issue. It was only the faint-hearted, for the rest were content to say with Browning that they:—

Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better
Sleep to wake.

The Graphic has had from first to last altogether exceptional opportunities of dealing broadly with the war. No paper can count so many friends in the Colonies and in the Sister Services, and one and all have striven with splendid enthusiasm to send pictures of the stirring times they have known, in order to make those at home realise what manner of work it has been to keep the flag flying. The book, which will be published immediately peace is concluded, will deal with the whole series of events, beginning with the negotiations which culminated in President Kruger's audacious ultimatum; it will be profusely illustrated, and it will contain vivid personal narratives of life in besieged towns, as well as chapters on hospital work and other special subjects by famous authorities.

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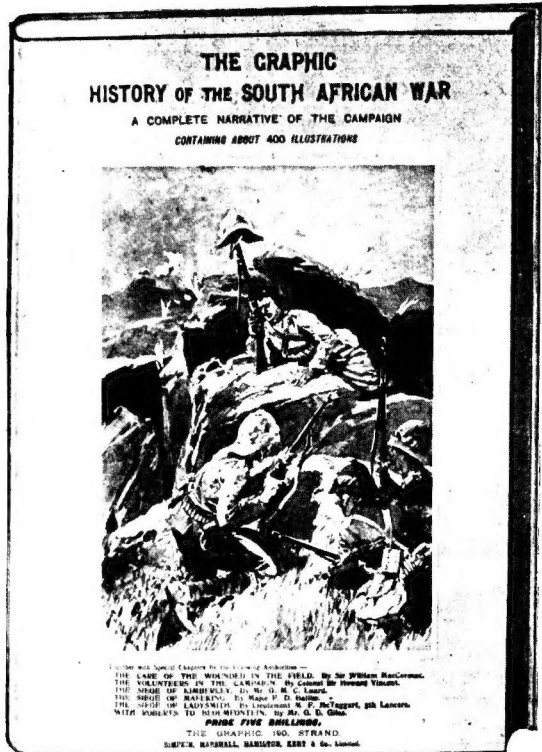
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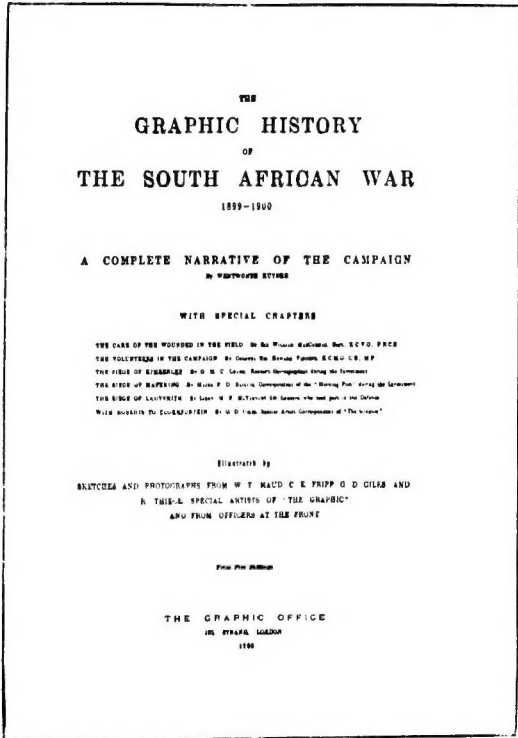
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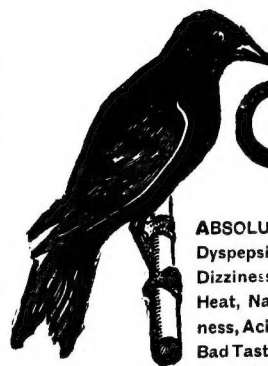
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